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JULY 18, 1960

DEMOCRATS IN LOS ANGELES
Battle in the Stretch

TIME

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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LETTERS

The Gloomy Deans

Sir:

I read the Education section, which had to do with speeches to various graduating classes by the heads of Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton, and my feelings on finishing were those of dismay, disillusionment, disappointment and disgust, with a touch of nausea.

The whining, defeatism, "crybaby" tone common to all these speeches is certainly unbecoming to men of such stature, and surely unworthy in men to whom we have formerly looked for guidance to the young generation. We would expect such drivel from the beatniks who are said to inhabit the cellars in San Francisco, but we surely are entitled to better ideas from men of this caliber.

R. T. WHITEMAN

Cambridge, Idaho

Sir:

Your quotation from President Goheen's address at Princeton [in which he said "the cheap and tawdry are glorified over achievements of solid worth"] is one demanding grave and immediate consideration. It is indeed a thing of "gloom, doom and disdain" when we hear a scholar today observe foibles recognized some half a century ago by the scholar William James.

In a 1907 lecture, James reminded his listeners: "What [democracy's] critics now affirm is that its preferences are invertebrate for the inferior . . . Vulgarly enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell us, is our irremediable destiny; and the picture-papers of the European Continent are already drawing Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle for his heraldic emblem."

CHARLES DRAKE-LONG

Boston

Sir:

The gloomy deans speak the truth, and have reason to be gloomy.

When those professional men who should be our national leaders because of education and training, and who refer specifically to doctors and lawyers, will prostituted themselves for money or political gain, and men of wealth do in truth own whole districts of sum dwellings, what have the people to follow? It is consoling to know that we have educators who think. But what are they doing about it?

S. CASTLE

Los Angeles

Sir:

I am surprised that educated men, who are presumably aware of history, can believe that mankind is able to undergo a basic change in character—for the better or for the worse.

I am sick of hearing that we have all lost our sense of direction, our religion, and our moral code. One 1960 graduate has seen direction and purpose, a concern for religion and for moral values, and self-discipline in so many people that she feels those human qualities are not extinct.

ANN DUDLEY
Colby '60

Topsfield, Me.

All's Well That Ends Well

Sir:

All right, I give up! I love Shakespeare, but can't place a few of the cover characters. Who is the one beside Falstaff? And the two beside Antony and Cleopatra—might they be sweet, gentle Kate and her husband from *The Taming of the Shrew*?

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July 18, 1960

The others are so clearly drawn that it takes but a glance to recognize them. It is a fascinating cover.

ELIZABETH J. GETTLER

Oreland, Pa.



Aaron Bohrod

Reader Gettler gave up too soon. Here is the list: 1) Falstaff; 2) Richard III; 3) the Shakespearean jester, e.g., Touchstone; 4) Ariel (whose hand, trumpet and feet stuck out behind the cover slash); 5) Caliban; 6) Hamlet (with Yorick); 7) King Lear; 8) & 9) Antony and Cleopatra; 10) & 11) Petruchio and the shrew he tamed, Katharina; 12) Ophelia; 13) & 14) Othello and his ill-fated wife, Desdemona; 15) & 16) Juliet and Romeo; 17) a gravedigger from *Hamlet*; 18) & 19) Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; 20), 21) & 22) the three witches from *Macbeth*, stirring their boiling cauldron; 23) & 24) Bottom, the weaver, and Queen Titania under the influence of Puck.—ED.

Grand Slam

Sir:

The three pictures of Eugene R. Black, taken at Harvard, Princeton and Yale, speak volumes as to normal reactions of an educated person to these communities. The happy expression at Cambridge shows his patient joy at being enfolded by the charm of the Yard. His expression at Princeton is akin to amazed horror at finding such conditions extant in the middle of the 20th century; at New Haven, one of grim determination to go through with a calculated risk.

RICHARD N. FISHER

Red Bank, N.J.

Reader Fisher is—no surprise—Harvard, '32.—ED.

The Big One

Sir:

Obviously your Press section lads couldn't be expected to see the provincial papers which daily receive the Chicago Daily News

service, which is distributed by a 13,000 mile wire. I don't mind (not much!) being ignored, but I do mind TIME saying "chief among" other papers competing with the New York *Times* and omitting the big one. If you don't get our wire in the Midwest one of these days I can rescue you from "Eastern isolation." I'll treat you as you deserve and hire a New York pressagent to bother you until you do.

Despite your ignoring the greatest wire service of them all for editors who still like to do their own selection of news, I still love TIME.

BASIL L. WALTERS

Editor

Chicago Daily News
Chicago

Sick, Sickest; Dead

Sir:

What have you done! I casually mentioned on the air the other day that TIME had referred to Ray Peterson's recording of *Tell Laura I Love Her* as one of the sickest of the current crop of sick songs. Since that moment, I have been swamped with irate letters and postcards, and threatening phone calls. I have been commissioned by the teenagers and the adults of Richmond, Ashland, Highland Springs, and surrounding towns to tell TIME to drop dead.

Therefore, will you please drop dead . . . although I agree with you 100%?

DAVID E. LYMAN
Program Director

WLEE
Richmond, Va.

Battle of the Sexes

Sir:

Your story of Female Theologian V. S. Goldstein and her "feminine complaint against contemporary theologians" reminds one of the story that was current a generation ago about the late Feminist Susan Anthony.

It seems that on one of her many lecture tours advocating women suffrage, Miss Anthony became quite despondent and despairing of ever achieving her goal. Her companion inquired as to the cause of the melancholy, and then replied: "Susan, don't despair, pray to God; she will help you."

MAURICE J. BLOOM

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

The conflicts and anxiety described by contemporary theology is frighteningly applicable to the intelligentsia of female society. From the time of early competition in grade school to the end of graduate study, a woman is trained alongside her masculine peers to participate in matters of universal importance. Beyond college, however, a man is encouraged by society to transform reality, but a woman is expected to fulfill her intellectual and creative aspirations in homemaking and community social service. Consequently she practices what Tillich would call "self-reduction," in which she tries to find the whole of reality by participating in society-sanctioned trivia.

ANN SCHWERTPEGER

Philadelphia

Americanism All'Italiana

Sir:

Your sociological analysis of the city we are proud of slipped somewhere, but, on the whole, your writer cleverly grasped the Milanese way of life, its Americanism *all'italiana*, the hustle and bustle of its business life. Milan, as one of the biggest centers of free enterprise in Europe, had been heretofore



Today in school we learned about trucks. We learned that trucks help bring things to people like ice-cream and baseballs and television sets. Miss King said that everything has to ride in a truck sometimes. I'm going to drive a truck when I grow up.

Even if Bobby doesn't drive a truck when he grows up, he learned something important today: everything you eat, wear, or use takes a ride in a truck at one time or another. Big responsibility? You bet — not only for the men who own and operate trucks, but for the folks who supply equipment to help keep them rolling. Safe, dependable trucks on the move are one of the big reasons you live as well as you do!

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...closest thing to a second shave

nearly ignored by U.S. press correspondents, who generally preferred covering the highly colorful Sweet Life of Rome, and we thank you for so authoritatively filling a gap.

In editing our translation, however, we were tempted, in behalf of the married males, to pencil out that low-hitting reference to Milanese husbands' infidelity; but, alas, many a Milanese wife is also an avid *TIME* reader.

GIACINTO FURLAN
Managing Editor

Corriere Lombardo
Milan

Class Orator, 1890

Sir:

In the Education section, you described Gregson Davis as “the first Negro so honored,” as chosen commencement orator at Harvard.

May I call your attention to “A Negro Student at Harvard,” by W.E.B. Du Bois, in the current *Massachusetts Review*? Du Bois describes the election of Clemens Morgan, a Negro student, as class orator of Harvard, 1890.

Little did the class of 1890 know how long ago fair Harvard had trod those steps!



IRENE M. GOZZI

Amherst, Mass.

¶ But not quite the same steps. Harvardman Clemens Morgan was Class orator, not Commencement orator, delivered his Class Day oration in English, not Latin.—Ed.

No Sale

Sir:

The *TIME* article of June 20, carrying the story on Brazilian lands, stated: “Pan American Airways Vice President Humphrey Toomey bought 105 acres just outside Brasilia for \$1,800 six months ago. Now he is selling it in quarter-acre lots, expects to get \$156,000.” We strongly urge that a correction be made, since we and not Mr. Toomey are in the subdivision business, and we know for a fact that Mr. Toomey has never been in the subdivision business.

M. M. BORMAN
President

Texas Ranch Mediadora S.A.
Rio de Janeiro

¶ *TIME* erred. Landowner Toomey bought his land for \$600, at present says that he has little hope for a spectacular resale.—Ed.

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Outside the Ghetto

Sir:

Msgr. De Blanc has certainly embarrassed the members of the Catholic Church with his statement "... but I wonder if a devout person should bring someone of another faith into his home, into his family surroundings." How can we hope to spread our faith (a command of Jesus Christ) if we cannot show our non-Catholic friends how we live and how we behave in our homes?

JAMES J. PLUNKETT JR.

South Orange, N.J.

Sir:

May I correct an impression I am sure was inadvertently made?

I personally believe that devoutly, intellectually strong Catholics can have close associates among those not of their faith, but true Catholic families cannot expect to remain so for any length of time. Close family associates—Catholic or non-Catholic—are divided by design and proud public subscribers to artificial birth control.

This common cultural pattern, so widely accepted by many non-Catholics, may too easily rub off on less devout and intellectual Catholic families.

Families should associate closely with families they want to imitate.

MONSIGNOR IRVING A. DE BLANC
Director

Catholic Family Life Bureau
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Msgr. Irving A. De Blanc's ghetto proposal, deplorable as it is, should shock few. There is hardly a Christian set that doesn't practice it, consciously or unconsciously. What is sickening about religious segregation is the effect of such pre-Reformation mouthings as De Blanc's on the immature and uneducated. It would be well to reflect on the historical fact that the Catholic Church, as well as all the other Christian churches, is but a segment of the Jewish faith.

EARL G. TALBOTT

New York

The Temperate Irish

Sir:

Re your article on jazz: What's this jazz about the “unlikeliness of an Irishman at a temperance meeting”?

Go the facts straight, man! Of a population of 3,000,000—5,000,000 are members of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association in Ireland. Here in the United States there are branches in Chicago, Boston, New York City and Albany just to name a few. The members are not reformed drinkers but most have never tasted it at all.

Get hip man, before you jabber about others.

KATHLEEN TURLEY

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

TIME, *TIME & LIFE* Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Vol. LXXVI No. 3 July 18, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

DEMOCRATS

The Reverberating Issue

[See Cover]

On a hurried political expedition into New York City last week, Texas' Senator Lyndon B. Johnson all but bumped into Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy, who had slipped away from his seaside vacation retreat at Hyannisport, Mass., to do some New York politicking himself. Just as Kennedy headed into Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, by long-shot coincidence the car bringing Johnson from the airport pulled up at the entrance. Johnson strode indoors so fast that he did not even see Kennedy, but Kennedy saw Johnson, and let out a startled semi-shout: "What's that guy doing here?"

That guy was belatedly running for the Democratic presidential nomination. Just when Jack Kennedy had settled back to polish his nomination-acceptance speech for delivery at Los Angeles, Lyndon Baines Johnson had saddled up and set off in an old-style pursuit of the rolling Kennedy bandwagon.

People's Choice. With only eight days



LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON IN LOS ANGELES
What is a convention supposed to do?

to go before the start of the balloting, Lyndon Johnson galloped into the race later than any serious presidential hopeful on record. In setting off on his last-lap chase, he brought a surge of excitement into the race. More important, he raised an issue that will reverberate long after the convention is over and the last delegate has gone home. The issue: What is the business of a presidential nominating convention? By what criteria should it choose the nominee for the nation's highest and most powerful public office?

As Johnson saw it, the convention ought to be a serious conclave where the delegates meet "to consider who can best lead a party and the nation." Jack Kennedy, in

his drive for the nomination, shaped his strategy to a newer concept: the idea that the business of the convention is to nominate the man who, eliciting the most popular support, winning the most primaries and drawing the most enthusiastic cheers, has shown himself to be the most politically glamorous candidate, the people's choice. Johnson, little known to the public, felt that he deserved the nomination because, more than any other Democratic hopeful, he had proved himself over the years in the arenas of government. Kennedy felt that he deserved it because he had won a batch of primaries.

Aura of High Places. The two approaches to the nomination were rooted in the history of U.S. politics: Johnson's in the theory of the Founding Fathers that a leader is chosen by his peers (the Electoral College picked the President; state legislatures chose U.S. Senators); Kennedy's in the populist theory of direct primaries (now augmented by the help of direct and almost instantaneous communications). The two approaches were also rooted in the radically different characters and careers of Kennedy and Johnson. They are sometimes thought to represent the liberal and conservative wings of their party, but allowing for the differences between Massachusetts and Texas, their voting records are similar. There the similarity ends (apart from the fact that both of them have money—Kennedy by birth, Johnson by marriage).

Still boyish-looking at 43, Jack Kennedy has the gemlike qualities—highly polished, but hard and rather cold—sometimes found in men of silver-spoon birth, Ivy League education and high ambition. Once he decided to be a politician, he set for himself the highest possible political goal, the presidency, and he marched toward it with machine-like efficiency. For him, the House and Senate were not so



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY IN LOS ANGELES
"What's that guy doing here?"

Associated Press

much arenas of action as steppingstones to his goal. In the Senate he was conspicuous not for achievements of legislation or leadership but for youth, good looks, wealth, and the aura he exuded of being bound for higher places still. When he decided to run for President in 1960, he marshaled his advantages—charm, articulateness, money, a sure political instinct, and the handsome Clan Kennedy (*TIME*, cover, July 11)—and set out, half a year ago, to take the nomination by storm. Publicly challenging his rivals to run against him in primaries, publicly insisting that no presidential hopeful who shunned primaries deserved to be considered for the nomination, Kennedy ran in seven, piled up majorities in all of them (only two of them, Wisconsin and West Virginia, were real contests). His showing proved that his Roman Catholicism was an asset rather than a liability, helped his hardboiled campaign to persuade Democratic politicians to climb aboard his bandwagon lest they get left behind.

Aura of Respect. Only eight years older than Jack Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson seems to belong to a different generation and a different world. He still has an ineradicable touch of Texas backlands about him. When he is trying to persuade or cajole somebody, as he often is, he grabs an arm or shoulder in a bruising grip, and a hint of the carnival snake-oil seller shows in his voice. His fellow Senators joke about the lavish vanity of his tailoring and his baronial Senate office—but they respect him, too. Last June the nonpartisan *Congressional Quarterly* polled Senators and Representatives on who they thought would be the Democratic Party's "strongest possible" presidential candidate; of the 220 members who replied, 54% named Lyndon Johnson, only 20% named Jack Kennedy (Adlai Stevenson came in third with 14%).

During his 53 years as Senate majority leader, facing a Republican President, Johnson proved himself to be one of U.S. history's ablest masters of the subtle, complex art of legislative leadership. And he exercised that leadership with statesmanlike responsibility. A Southerner, utterly dependent upon Southern support in his bid for the Democratic presidential nomination, he painstakingly steered through the Senate this year a civil rights bill guaranteeing the voting rights of Southern Negroes. Instead of trying to use the U-2 imbroglio and the summit collapse to embarrass the Administration in an election year, he spoke out for national unity.

With a Republican in the White House, Congress has been the main arena of Democratic deeds during the Eisenhower years. Every Democrat who orates at the convention about the party's national record—including ever-increasing congressional majorities—will be talking, in effect, about Lyndon Johnson's record. As leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate—minority leader in 1953-54, majority leader since—Lyndon Johnson has been the U.S.'s No. 1 Democrat. His only serious rival for that title would be House

Speaker Sam Rayburn, the fellow Texan long programmed to place Johnson's name in nomination at Los Angeles.*

Shackles of Responsibility. Somewhat less direct than Kennedy, Johnson pursued the presidential nomination a lot less single-mindedly. As long ago as mid-1959, many of his closest friends and advisors started urging him to declare himself a candidate, travel around the country enlisting Democratic Governors and county chairmen to his side. Johnson repeatedly refused. If he started openly campaigning for the nomination, he explained again and again, he would have to neglect his duties as Majority Leader. During the past half-year, while Jack Kennedy was devoting most of his time to hot pursuit

Congress to recess until August. To political connoisseurs the feat of recessing the U.S. Congress was as dazzling a maneuver as Jack Kennedy's primary victory in West Virginia—and typically in the Johnsonian idiom. Without saying a word, he served notice that he would be the dominant Democratic voice during the formative months of the campaign, that Senators, Congressmen—and even Governors—with pet legislative projects would still have to reckon with Johnson, Rayburn & Co. after the convention. The recess also gained for him a few extra days for his last-lap drive to catch up with the Kennedy bandwagon. On the fifth anniversary of his heart attack, Johnson worked through the night until 9:30 a.m., pushing through a bill empowering the President to cut Cuba's sugar quota. Then, with his majority leader duties done until after the convention, he caught one hour's sleep before getting on with his campaign.

At a press conference in the marble-walled auditorium of the new Senate Office Building, Johnson formally declared himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination. Setting a personal Democratic standard that would still be fluttering up to election time, Johnson said he would not "chew on" President Eisenhower. "just as I have not and I will not spend my time now trying to destroy any in my party or in other parties who might come to this high office. Mistakes have been made—and inexcusable ones. But my interest—and I believe the interest of most of my fellow Americans—is in curing those mistakes, in avoiding those mistakes, not in exploiting them for political partisan gains."

Johnson showed particular moderation toward Jack Kennedy, never mentioned him by name in his 2,000-word statement announcing his candidacy. Later on, replying to questions, Johnson undercut the charge, leveled by his backers, that Kennedy is a sick man, suffering from Addison's disease (see box). "Senator Kennedy," said Johnson, "has established beyond the peradventure of a doubt by traveling in every state of this union that he doesn't have any health problem."

But Johnson's renowned political cunning showed forth, too. A greying 51-veteran of 23 years in Congress, he pointed up boyish-looking, 33-year-old Jack Kennedy's comparative youth and inexperience by warning that the "forces of evil," meaning international Communism "will have no mercy for innocence, no gallantry toward inexperience." With another sly jab, Johnson hit at the Kennedy drive to corral convention delegates: "I would not presume to tell my fellow Democrats that I am the only man they should consider for this job or to demand that any delegate or delegation vote for me. I am not going to go elbowing through 179 million Americans—pushing aside other Senators and Governors and Congressmen—to shout, 'Look at me, and nobody else!' I only want my fellow Democrats and my fellow Americans to look long, to look hard, and to look wisely to find the right man."



JOHNSON & RAYBURN
Powers that endure.

of the Democratic presidential nomination. Majority Leader Johnson, confined to Washington by shackles of responsibility, had to restrict his active campaigning to weekend forays.

Johnson knew that, as a Southerner, he carried a heavy handicap in the race for the nomination, apart from the burden of responsibility that kept him in Washington. Less than two years ago, he predicted that no Southerner would be elected President in his lifetime. But the summit collapse in Paris, followed by the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit to Japan, gave Johnson fresh hope that, as a seasoned, responsible Senate leader, a spokesman of moderation and national unity, he might be able to wrest the nomination away from "young Jack," as he calls Kennedy.

Personal Standard. The first sure sign of Candidate Johnson in action came last fortnight when he and Sam Rayburn got

*Mindful that any Southern politician is automatically suspected of race prejudice, Johnson tapped Hawaii's Congressman Daniel K. Inouye, a Nisei, to make one of the second speeches.

Edge of Bitterness. He had waited until late to announce his candidacy. Johnson explained, because he had "a post of duty and of responsibility here in Washington as the majority leader of the U.S. Senate, selected unanimously by all of my Democratic colleagues. Because of that duty, a duty to all the people, I cannot be absent when there is public business at stake. Those who have engaged in active campaigns since January"—he unmistakably meant Jack Kennedy in particular—"have missed hundreds of votes. This I could not do . . . Some one has to tend the store." Offstage, Johnson put it more bluntly: "Jack was our kissing babies while I was passing bills." His voice had an edge of bitterness in it, betraying his sense of grievance, his not-so-secret dislike for "young Jack," and his awareness that the dislike is mutual. (Kennedy had let it be known that, if elected President, he would try to knock Johnson off his majority leader perch.)

Razzle-Dazzle Predictions. With the virtually solid backing of the South and scattered support in the West, Johnson, at the time of his announcement last week, could count up some 500 first-ballot votes toward the 761 needed to win the nomination—but Jack Kennedy could count well beyond 600. Arithmetically, the gap seemed fairly narrow. Strategically, it was enormous.

All of Johnson's hopes of closing that gap and winning the nomination rested on a faith that characterized his whole approach to the belated race: much of the delegate support for Kennedy sprang not from any real belief in Kennedy as the best possible candidate, but from politicians' normal desire to get with the winner in time to earn rewards or at least avoid punishments. Once the convention saw that Kennedy was not going to run away with the nomination on the first or second ballot, his support would start melting away, and the convention would then turn to Lyndon Johnson as the best-



PENNSYLVANIA'S LAWRENCE
Sought.

qualified candidate—so ran Johnson's hopes.* "I think you're rewarded for what you do, what you produce, and not for kissing babies," he said. "I'll believe this until I'm proven wrong."

As Johnson moved westward toward Los Angeles, he kept trying to fight Kennedy's phenomenal handwaggon propaganda. At his press conference at the Chicago airport, Johnson pounced on Bobby Kennedy's prediction that the outcome would be decided by noon Monday, five hours before the convention's official opening. "This will come as a great surprise to the delegates," rumbled Johnson. "Most of them thought they were going to Los Angeles to confer with their fellow Democrats to help select the next President." In San Francisco, his last stop before Los Angeles, Johnson noted derisively that Kennedy first-ballot delegate claims had backed track in three weeks from 710 to 600 votes. "California, here I am," thundered Johnson in his speech to a disappointingly small welcoming crowd at the Los Angeles airport. "It doesn't matter how many razzle-dazzle predictions you get. The only thing that's important is who ought to lead this nation." From the faithful 300 welled cries of "You! You!"

Taking Charge. The Los Angeles that Johnson rolled into was shuddering proof that Operation Kennedy had again outrun the wildest guesses of the old pros. From the Kennedy command post on the Biltmore Hotel's eighth floor, the team headed by Jack's brother Bob (the "brash young man," as a *New York Times* editorial

called him) took charge of arriving delegates, newsmen and even the political atmosphere. All week the nation's TV, radio and press were fed on rumors of impending Kennedy gains while the actual gains in delegates could still be counted on one hand.

The sharpest spur in the Kennedy camp's intense drive to put Jack over on the first ballot was the lurking fear that Lyndon Johnson was probably right in his prediction that if Jack failed to win on an early ballot his strength would start to wane. To help ensure a first-ballot victory, Jack Kennedy had offered Adlai Stevenson a chance to be Secretary of State in the Kennedy Administration. Kennedy was furious when Stevenson temporized.*

A Little Grey. Kennedy was reassured about everything when he read the bandwagon headlines at the family summer home in Hyannisport, Mass., between leisurely strolls along the beach and turns in the family motor cruiser. "Boy, this is for me," he boomed over the phone to a friend. "Let those other guys run around out there." By Friday night it was time for him, too, to head "out there." As he left home, the Irish maids of wealthy Hyannisport neighbors lined up across the street to give him a sendoff. From Hyannis, he and wife Jackie flew to New York's Idlewild Airport, stayed at a nearby hotel overnight. Then, sternly refusing to kiss Jackie goodbye for the photographers, Jack boarded a jetliner called "Flagship West Virginia" and headed west across the U.S.

Said Kennedy of Lyndon Johnson to the 2,000 who flocked around at Los Angeles' International Airport: "A few days

* Adlai Stevenson came in for the hardest knock of the pre-convention brickbat-throwing when speechmaking New York Delegate (and former Democratic National Chairman) James A. Farley, in what was interpreted as a jab at Stevenson, hit at Democratic "appeasers" who wanted the U.S. to pursue a softer line in dealing with Russia.



ILLINOIS' STEVENSON
Sitting.



Associated Press

MISSOURI'S SYMINGTON
Seeking.

ago another candidate said that we needed a man with a little grey in his hair. We put that grey in his hair and we will continue to do so."

The Real Question. Lyndon Johnson, at this point, was actually feeling at home in the campaign for the first time. He was in his kind of situation—a situation of maneuver. And although the odds were staggeringly against him, he wheeled in relaxed fashion from meeting to luncheon to television show to cocktail party, preaching his doctrine of the right of the best man to win. "Everybody talks about who's going to be nominated," said he,

"when the real question should be who ought to be nominated."

In closed-door huddles with delegates, Johnson argued that the air would start hissing out of the Kennedy balloon after the second ballot. Kennedy, he insisted, would be a weak candidate—mistrusted by farmers (Kennedy declared himself opposed to high price supports back in 1955), widely mistrusted by Negroes, vulnerable to Republican charges of absenteeism (he had missed nearly 80% of the Senate roll-call votes since the session began in January). Johnson tried hard to argue down the Northern Democrats' two

main objections to his own candidacy: 1) he is too conservative to be acceptable to labor and eggheads, and 2) as a Southerner he would alienate the Negro vote.

Kennedy, in fact, had the backing of most A.F.L.-C.I.O. big guns (although they hesitated to say so publicly out of respect for what Johnson and Rayburn might do to such labor favorites as the minimum-wage law when Congress reconvenes). But Johnson could point to some surprising signs of Northern Negro support. New York's Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell, political chieftain of Harlem, is a Johnson defend-

THE CANDIDATES' HEALTH

RECOVERING from his heart attack and his ileitis surgery, President Eisenhower set a precedent in the 1956 election campaign by frankly discussing the state of his health. Last week the Democrats picked up "the health issue" and were playing hard politics with it among themselves. Jack Kennedy began the intramural scrap by declaring that the presidency demands "the strength and health and vigor of . . . young men." Supporters of Lyndon Johnson leaped to the conclusion that Kennedy was making a not-so-subtle allusion to L.B.J.'s 1955 heart attack. "Citizens-for-Johnson" Director John B. Connally counter-charged that Kennedy secretly suffers from Addison's disease, an incurable but now controllable deficiency of adrenal secretions. And Johnson-lining India Edwards, former vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, said: "Doctors have told me that [Kennedy] would not be alive were it not for cortisone."

The medical facts:

Jack Kennedy, 43, says that he did have a "partial adrenal insufficiency." He laid it to a war-born case of malaria, which itself required treatment through 1949. To supplement adrenal output, Kennedy took regular doses of cortisone from 1947 to 1951 and again from 1955 to 1958. He still takes oral doses of corticosteroids (cortisone-type medication) "frequently, when I have worked hard," although a recent test showed his adrenals to be functioning normally. Whether his is an arrested case of Addison's disease or a borderline adrenal insufficiency is unclear. In two years of almost ceaseless campaigning, Kennedy has displayed remarkable energy and none of the classic symptoms of advanced Addison's disease: chronic fatigue, weight loss, low blood pressure, anemia, or a bronzed-like darkening of the skin.

Kennedy's earlier medical history is complex. Severe and recurring jaundice forced him to leave Princeton during his freshman year (when his health improved, he later went to Harvard). The Army rejected him because of a football injury to his back, but the Navy accepted him. The back was reinjured when a Japanese destroyer knifed through Lieut. Kennedy's PT boat in 1943. He spent most of 1944 in a Navy hospital, underwent a spinal disk operation, which was not fully successful. As a consequence, in October 1954, surgeons performed a delicate fusion of spinal disks. Slow to heal and set back by relapses that were complicated by the adrenal shortage, his condition became so grave that his family was summoned to his bedside. He had a third spinal operation the following February to remove a metal



"THE DIAGNOSTICIANS"

plate. Last rites were administered. But this time, after two weeks abed, recovery was rapid. Total time spent in the hospital or convalescing: seven months. Today, the only vestige of the spinal problem is that he still sleeps on a board, wears a light corset. Last week, at Kennedy's request, his two Manhattan physicians reported: "Your health is excellent."

Lyndon Johnson, 51, readily admits that his 1955 coronary came within an ace of being fatal. While medical bulletins called it "moderately severe," Johnson now insists that it was "moderate"—though it required six months of convalescence. Johnson has forsaken cigarettes (he had been a three-pack-a-day man) and cut his weight from 226 to 202 (his doctor wants him to shed another twelve pounds). He likes to pull out of his pocket a card-sized, celluloid-enclosed copy of his last (November) electrocardiogram, which his doctors interpret as normal. His blood pressure, at 115 over 75 as of last May, was on the low side for a man of his age; his pulse was 78. He follows no post-coronary regimen, takes no anticoagulants, rarely naps, drives himself brutally. Says his physician (and longtime friend), Dr. James Cain of Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.: "He at least should slow down and live a 48-hour day instead of a 72-hour one."

Stuart Symington, 59, developed hypertension during World War II (1943 blood pressure reading: 175 over 110). He probably aggravated the condition by overworking as president of Emerson Electric Manufacturing Co., which had rush orders for gun turrets. He usually slept at the office, sometimes got up at 3 a.m. to work. In 1945 he began to develop headaches; steadily they grew worse, prevented him from sleeping. In 1947 he underwent a "sympathectomy"—the severing of some sympathetic nerves near the spine. Chances then for full success: 33%. He recovered so quickly (three months) and fully that his case has become something of a medical classic. His blood pressure has been normal ever since (currently: 125 over 80). The headaches are gone. He follows no special diet. His only medication is an occasional sleeping pill. His health, says Dr. Samuel Grant of St. Louis, is "excellent."

Results of Vice President Richard Nixon's most recent physical exam, taken last April at Walter Reed Hospital: Chest X ray, electrocardiogram and blood count normal; blood pressure, which has always been normal, was 108 over 76; pulse 72. Nixon's worst apparent ailments are hay fever and an allergy to wool.

er. Philadelphia's No. 1 Negro newspaper, the *Tribune*, openly endorsed Johnson in an editorial last March: "Please don't think we are crazy, but this newspaper would like to see Lyndon B. Johnson nominated for President."

Wave & the Rock. Johnson's high hope was that the dark horses, Stuart Symington, Hubert Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson, with some 200 first-ballot votes among them, could be persuaded to hold on. His other hope was to try to keep state Governors heading up uncommitted or favorite-son delegations from giving way to Kennedy on the first ballot. Johnson had his network of support, mostly congressional friends. He had his handful of devoted admirers. At one point, Colorado's ex-Senator Ed Johnson, who had been kept off the delegation by a Kennedy coup, shuffled up to say: "I'm just Johnson all the way. I'm trying to do all I can even if it does seem like everything I do is wrong."

One key man in the play was California's hapless Governor Pat Brown, who finally, on convention eve, openly endorsed Jack Kennedy. But Johnson had long since conceded that the Kennedys had Pat Brown hog-tied. As he has in many another convention, the real make-or-break power focused on Pennsylvania's 81 votes, presided over by Governor David Leo Lawrence, a tough, old-line boss who could make his influence stick if he wanted to. Dave Lawrence's heart belonged to Adlai Stevenson. Early in the game his mind took him toward Symington because he thought that Jack Kennedy's Catholicism would be a drag on the state ticket in Pennsylvania—where Catholic Dave Lawrence himself had barely squeaked by in 1958. But even hard-rock Pennsylvania was irresistibly being engulfed by the Kennedy wave. Philadelphia's Bill Green, No. 2 boss in the delegation, let it be known that he was for Kennedy. One of Jack Kennedy's first acts on landing in Los Angeles was to dodge through the dim halls of the Biltmore to pay his respects to Lawrence.

While Lyndon Johnson was huddling with delegates at the Biltmore, Jack Kennedy came out of Lawrence's room with a wider-than-usual grin on his face. Whispered a Kennedy man with the same kind of grin: "We have it. That's the ball more to pay his respects to Lawrence.

Even so, Lyndon Johnson's brief campaign had left some lingering echoes behind—a message of responsibility and national unity, and some bracing advice to any Democratic candidate who might want the full support of L.B.J. "The next President," said Johnson, "is not going to be a talking President—or a traveling President. He is going to be, and should be, a working President."

"His job is to convince the world—that both our enemies and our allies—that America is strong and freedom is strong. He can't ring his hands that America is second-rate—because America is not second-rate. He can't cry out about moral decay—because this generation is not a generation of decay."

THE CONVENTION

The Keynote

The Democrats chose Idaho's U.S. Senator Frank Church, 35, as their keynote speaker because his boyish good looks promised television a new generation's outlook. True to the promise, handsome Frank Church, the Senate's youngest member, keynoted a change in Democratic policy—or a sort. Instead of the economic gloom that had sustained his elders since he was a toddler, he promised global doom; instead of the old "Don't-Let-'em-Take-It-Away" theme of 1952, he urged "Don't-Let-'em-Spend-It-That-Way" for the prosperous 1960s.

The Administration's so-called prosperity, cried he, is a "pitchman prosperity. that kind that results when Government

medical care. "Such has been the direction of our course—under this Republican Administration."

While the U.S. is going to hell in a hand basket—and only half-safe at that—the Democrats in Congress tried to save the nation by adding two new states, buying medical research, and bringing in a civil rights bill. "If only there had been a Democrat in the White House," said Church, "there would have been plenty of money to enact housing, unemployment, school construction and other such bills without deficit spending and new taxes."

Oil the Hinges. Similarly, said Church, the U.S. has lost out in the fight against Communism in the past seven years. "The hinge of the future swings on the U.S.," but the Republicans have let it rust, leaving the nation's principles, prestige and power a-creaking. "We have pinned medals upon the chests of hated dictators, furnished weapons to other petty tyrants. A tide of suspicion and hostility rises against us. By failing for too long to implement an imaginative 'food-for-peace' program, this Administration has wrongfully permitted the ugly image to spread of a fat America hoarding food in a hungry world. Somehow we lost, and have yet to recapture, the initiative in space," and at the same time have lost the edge in military strength to the Russians. "Is it possible that the richest nation in history can no longer afford to be the strongest?" Instead of "speak softly and carry a big stick," as Theodore Roosevelt advised, the Republican motto is "talk tough and carry a toothpick."

In his peroration Church almost gave the game away. "I shall never forget," said he, "the words of a Polish lady spoken to me last year on the square of the inner city of old Warsaw. 'Senator,' she said to me, 'America is truly the hope of the world.' But lest the Republicans claim any credit for the Polish lady's faith, he called for an "awakened and rededicated America" under a Democratic party which "will once again lift our country upon the high road of destiny."



Walter Bennett

DEMOCRAT CHURCH
This prosperity is a terrible thing.

is run by hucksters not unaccustomed to selling inferior products by wrapping them in bright packages." It has sent the farmer on "the road to ruin." Tight money policies "have sapped our vitality and shackled our economic growth. Our urgent needs at home have been left untreated like festering sores."

Don't Be Half-Safe. The "sores," according to the Church doctrine, all can be traced to the Federal Government: "Private slums are spreading through the rotting core of our big cities. Our private automobiles are stalled in traffic jams, while rapid public transportation, for lack of funds, lags 20 years behind. Public education flounders. The classroom shortage has not been met. To sweeten private life, our stores display a billion bottles of deodorant; yet a modest bill to reduce the stench from our polluted public rivers was vetoed. We have cared so much about 'conspicuous consumption' that our lives are cluttered with gadgets," while "switchblade delinquents haunt the public streets" and the aged go without adequate

POLITICAL NOTES

Where's Estes?

Among the elected delegates conspicuously missing from the Democratic National Convention: Estes Kefauver, 56, two-term Senator from Tennessee, two-time (1952, 1956) presidential hopeful and the convention's 1956 choice (by 1663 votes over Jack Kennedy) for the vice-presidency. The Keel's explanation: he is running hard against Circuit Judge Andrew ("Tip") Taylor for renomination in Tennessee's Democratic primary, just three weeks hence, and "I'm left with 55 counties [out of 95] yet to visit." More explicit explanation: "Tip Taylor is a fire-and-brimstone segregationist, and," says a Kefauver pal in Los Angeles, "all that Estes needs to lose for sure is to be on the record as voting for somebody like Soapy Williams of Michigan for the vice-presidential nomination, and for a red-hot civil rights plank in the platform."

POLLS

The Power of Foreign Affairs

Voters are more sensitive to shifts in foreign affairs than to any other issue thus far in the campaign. Pollster George Gallup indicated last week. Last year Democrat Jack Kennedy led Republican Richard Nixon by a wide 61% to 39% in July. Nixon came back to capture a 51 to 49 edge in September, just after his finger-wagging "kitchen debate" with Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow. Since then, the two have seesawed back and forth, a few points apart. Gallup's latest poll showed Kennedy leading 52 to 48 in surveys conducted just after the blowup of President Eisenhower's trip to Japan. Said Gallup: "The outcome next fall may well be decided not so much by the campaigns as it will by changes in the world situation."

REPUBLICANS

One Man's Platform

The outspoken independence of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, which has vexed some Republican stalwarts, may in the end turn out to serve his party well. Two days after he was invited by G.O.P. Platform Chairman Charles Percy to submit his ideas for the 1960 Republican platform, Rocky went the invitation one better: he submitted what amounted to a whole platform. Among his planks:

Foreign Policy. The U.S. should "lead or inspire" regional confederations of free nations. First in urgency: a "North Atlantic Confederation," in which major Western nations would build a common market with a joint program of aid to underdeveloped nations. Next: a "Western Hemisphere Confederation" to speed industrialization, land reform and low-cost housing construction in Latin America.

National Defense. Provide for a "second-strike nuclear retaliatory power capable of surviving surprise attack" and "a capacity for limited warfare that can deter or check local aggression." Needed: "Additional and improved bombers, airborne alert, more missiles of existing types, speeded production of Polaris submarines, the promptest possible dispersal and hardening of bases, and a program for civil defense." Previously, Rocky estimated the extra bill at \$3.5 billion.

Arms Control. "We must reject all schemes for 'total disarmament'—unsupported by specifics and safeguards—speed and coordinate all efforts to improve [nuclear] detection devices, steadfastly adhere to the principle of the need for inspection." The U.S. should end all detectable (above-ground) nuclear tests, but "we should resume underground testing, for its results can vitally affect both offensive and defensive capabilities as well as the cleanliness of such weapons . . . Simple disarmament can invite aggression, as Nazi and Communist aggression have brutally taught Western democracies."

Labor & Agriculture. Step up automation, start broad new programs to retrain workers displaced by machines, empower

the President to appoint arbitrators to settle lengthy strikes, gradually remove all farm-production controls and replace the obsolete concept of parity" with support prices based on overall prices in the modern economy, help marginal farmers find other jobs, expand the "Food for Peace" surplus-export program.

The Economy. Promote growth by liberalizing tax-depreciation allowances to promote private investment, eliminate featherbedding and racial discrimination in jobs.

Welfare & Civil Rights. Offer federally subsidized health insurance to all 15 million U.S. citizens aged 65 or over, finance by boosting social security payroll taxes. Enlarge federal aid for scholarships and construction of classrooms, laboratories, dormitories. Grant authority to the U.S. Attorney General to initiate school desegregation suits, and grant financial aid

since Ike's last press conference. But relaxed and tanned, the President made his way through the backlog of questions as though they were last year's mail.

He parried the ones on Cuba, refused to be riled by Khrushchev's promise that the Red flag would soon fly over the whole world, dismissed Khrushchev's "very crude attempts to involve himself" in U.S. politics, praised New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller ("a dedicated, honest and hard-working man") even as he disagreed with Rocky's sharp criticism of U.S. defenses. Next day the President flew from steaming Washington to the breeze-cooled summer White House at Newport, on Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay, for a month-long working vacation.

Ike has no intention of treating the presidential campaign as a dead letter. State members are preparing a series of speeches, beginning with a July 26 address at the G.O.P. Convention, in which he will renew his fight for fiscal responsibility. Congress, reconvening after the conventions, can expect a sharply worded message warning against lavish spending. And the President intends to participate fully in the presidential campaign this fall.

At week's end Khrushchev's rattling support of Castro's Cuba (see HEMISPHERE) struck Eisenhower as a threat that demanded a fast reply. "I affirm in the most emphatic terms that the U.S. will not be deterred from [its] responsibility by the threats Mr. Khrushchev is making," said he. "Nor will the U.S., in conformity with its treaty obligations, permit the establishment of a regime dominated by international Communism in the Western Hemisphere."

ARMED FORCES

Silent Battle

Missing and given up for lost after an intensive six-day search last week was a Strategic Air Command RB-47E, a reconnaissance version of the B-47 jet bomber, and its six-man crew. Based in Britain, the plane, carrying a flock of cameras and a cabin full of electronic equipment, had sped north and east over Arctic waters on a mission that would have taken it into the Barents Sea 100 miles west of the Soviet island of Novaya Zemlya.

The official Pentagon explanation was that the plane was on a routine "electromagnetic survey" (*i.e.*, weather and radiation studies), but the Air Force made no secret of the fact that the RB-47E was part of the continued U.S. probing of Soviet radar and radio communications—a "ferreting" job similar to operations of heavily equipped Soviet "fishing trawlers" that cruise continually off the American coasts. The plane lost radio contact some 300 miles west of Novaya Zemlya—just about the time that U.S. monitors picked up evidence of a flurry of Soviet interceptor activity in the area.

Though a Soviet cruiser radioed last week that it was joining the search, U.S. military men wondered whether the SAC plane was yet another victim of the cold war's silent battle in the skies.



ROCKEFELLER & PERCY
He had his own.

to localities desegregating their public schools. Prohibit discrimination in all federally subsidized public housing; "with the principle of nondiscrimination next applied to multiple-dwelling housing built with FHA mortgages.

"In the grand sphere of politics," concluded Rockefeller, "we have—ultimately—something better to offer. We can—if we seriously strive—give hope, to ourselves and to all peoples, of an open world."

THE PRESIDENCY

Answering the Mail

"Leave a crisis unanswered for a while," wrote Columnist George Dixon after President Eisenhower's news conference last week, "and it tends to lose its importance—just like your mail." From the U-2 to the summer collapse to the Tokyo riots to Cuba's deepening Red hue, headline had piled upon headline in the eight weeks

On the Track

An eleven-car train painted Air Force blue highballed down the tracks of western railroads last week, stopping and starting without warning, ducking in and out of sidings and delaying the crack transcontinental limiteds. In many ways it was the most important train in the nation. Instead of cash-paying passengers or revenue freight, it carried 45 hand-picked officers and men of the Strategic Air Command and enough communications gear to put them in instant and constant contact with SAC bases around the world. Ranging from the deserts of Nevada to the plains of Wyoming and the mountain country of Montana, they shook down the train that in three years will be operating over 100,000 miles of U.S. rails with the Air Force's second-generation, solid-fuel, 6,300-mile Minuteman missiles and launchers. Train-borne and mobile, Minuteman will be virtually invulnerable to enemy attack.

The train carried enough technical gear to stock a sophisticated physics laboratory. To test how the jolts, noise and vibrations of railroad travel will affect the warheaded Minuteman, sensitive oscilloscopes and oscillographs registered every rock and wriggle. Loudspeakers and telephones linked the communications HQ with the other ten cars (one boxcar that housed a jeep, two tank cars for water and diesel fuel, seven air-conditioned "quarters cars"—including one with stereo set, radio, TV). When the train stopped, crewmen stepped out and limbered up, but could wander no farther than 150 yards—earshot range. A sharp command from the single "exit-entrance" brought them scrambling back.

When the blue-yonder airmen first learned that they were to be grounded into train duty, the inevitable cry was, "It's a helluva way to run an air force."



SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS OF COLLAPSED BLIMP

Not the end of the argument.

But in an age of Mach 3 jets and deep space probes, the old-fashioned, slow-moving train has won a new-fashioned respectability among airmen. "In the Air Force," says the train's commander Lieut. Colonel Carleton V. Hansen, "the key thing is to feel that what you are doing is important. We all know that Minuteman counts."

Death of a Gas Bag

Designed for long-range detection of attacking aircraft, the huge (403 ft.) ZPG-3W U.S. Navy blimp made an ideal rescue ship. Its slow cruising speed (30-60 knots) and low operating altitude (under 500 ft.) provided an almost perfect platform for the rotating (40 ft., 12,000 lbs.) radar antenna rotating inside the helium-filled gas bag. Its great endurance (up to 95 hours without refueling) promised am-

ple range as it beat to seaward off the New Jersey shore one day last week in search of a racing sloop, overdue on a Bermuda-to-Long Island run.

The big gas bag caught the eye of Fisherman Frank Mikuletzky as it nosed toward the fishing boat *Doris May III*. Suddenly, Mikuletzky shouted as the ZPG gently folded and dropped "like a sagging banana." Aboard the blimp, Crewman Antonio Contreras, 22, heard a blast, felt the airship nose over, and seconds later was fighting his way free into the water. Only two of his mates survived the unexplained crash with him. One crewman died after being pulled from the sea; 17 others drowned in their double-decked gondola under 15 fathoms. Later, the missing sloop was spotted by planes and a submarine. It was in no trouble at all.

FULL CIRCLE. Ironically, the big non-rigid blimp was designed as an answer to the sudden death that had plagued the larger, rigid, lighter-than-air ships of the 1920s and '30s. The French *Dumude* disappeared over the Mediterranean in 1923; the U.S. Navy's 680-ft. *Shenandoah* broke up in a storm over Ohio in 1925; the 785-ft. *Akron* splashed in the Atlantic in 1933; and her sister ship *Macon* was ditched in the Pacific in 1935. Then, on May 6, 1937, the biggest dirigible of all, the hydrogen-filled German *Hindenburg*, blew up and burned at Lakehurst, N.J. For a while the world all but gave up lighter-than-air craft. Later, using its almost limitless supply of nonflammable helium to keep the ships aloft, the U.S. began to concentrate on nonrigid blimps. With their flexible, rubberized skins, they seemed to ride through rough weather far more safely than their rigid predecessors. They became a valuable link in the chain of antisub and early-warning defense units that ring the U.S. coast.

The ZPG-3W crash brought the argument full circle. Vice Admiral Charles E. Rosendahl, U.S.N. (ret.), a survivor of the *Shenandoah* crash but still the champion of the big, rigid ships, hastened to



TRAIN COMMANDER HANSEN
Not a bad way to run an air force.

accuse the Navy of "questionable wisdom" in building oversized, noncompartmented blimps, suggested that with modern construction methods rigid airships would be far safer. Blimp men were equally quick to defend their ships. Even though he still could not explain the crash, Captain Frederick N. Klein Jr., commanding officer of Fleet Airship Wing One (which includes the three remaining ZPGs, along with some smaller blimps), insisted: "I still think we have the safest vehicle that flies." The big gas bags, which have weathered many a storm before, are still so useful that they would almost surely weather the new one.

toted a sax up to the 22nd-story roof garden above Benny's Manhattan House apartment for the fulfillment of a jazzman's dream. With Bhumibol and Benny were Gene Krupa on the skins, Teddy Wilson on the piano, Urbie Green on the trombone, Jonah Jones on trumpet, Red Norvo on vibes. The King stood them toe-to-toe for two hours, paid his royal respects to *The Sheik of Araby* (in 17 eardrumming choruses), savored *Honeysuckle Rose*, swung low on *The Sunny Side of the Street*. Near session's end, Benny decorated him with a new Selmer sax. The King will use it in his own dozen-man modern band, in which he

municipal officeholder in the U.S., he was the pride of Harlem—until he got clumsy and was forced to suspend himself.

Friends to the Fore. The case, as it unfolded in court, seemed remarkably simple. By Jack's own admission to the county grand jury, he had allowed long-time Crony Sidney J. Ungar, a real estate operator seeking city approval of a \$30 million slum-clearance scheme, to pick up a \$4,400 tab for the 1958 remodeling of Jack's Harlem apartment. Jack also admitted that he had lied to the district attorney by saying that his wife paid for the job out of her \$100-a-week "table money"—before finally settling on the explanation that Ungar had loaned the money without note or collateral. Indicted on charges of violating the city charter and of conspiracy, Jack declined to take the stand at the trial. But Operator Ungar, granted immunity from self-incrimination, testified that Jack had suggested the table-money story. And ex-Housing Czar Robert Moses repeated what he told the grand jury: that he had approved Ungar's slum-clearance project after learning that Borough President Jack was "obligated" to him.

But logic took a back seat as Jack's friends came forward. Joe Louis, a well-wisher at Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa's bribery trial in 1957, turned up amid popping flashbulbs to say a showy hello. Mayor Robert F. Wagner, appearing under subpoena, marched to the defense table, pumped Jack's hand and lauded Jack as "a conscientious public servant." His Honor was echoed by such Democratic bigwigs as Comptroller Lawrence E. Gerosa, Brooklyn Borough President John Cashmore, City Council President Abe Stark and Queens Borough President John T. Clancy, who boomed "Hi, kid," as he grabbed Jack's hand.

Pleas of Sympathy. Last week the jury of one Negro and eleven whites heard final characterizations of the chunky horough president by the defense ("a babe in the woods") and the prosecution ("plain cupidity"), and a lucid charge by Judge Joseph A. Sarafite. After sitting into the jury room, they split wide open. Without once mentioning Jack's race (a sort of racism in reverse peculiar to hypersensitive Manhattan), they wrangled bitterly for almost 19 hours, finally deadlocked on all charges. "It was chaos," said one weary juror. "All we heard were pleas of sympathy for Jack." One of four pro-Jack jurors assured Jack's wife: "I fought like a tiger for him." Said the foreman and only Negro: "I feel that a hung jury is a vindication for Jack."

Much as he wanted to agree, Jack decided at week's end to stay suspended, at least temporarily. District Attorney Frank Hogan, frankly dismayed at the jury's destruction of the solidly built case, said another trial could not be scheduled until the fall, then cheerfully tossed the decision on what to do with Jack to Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the only official with power to remove a borough president.



KING BHUMIBOL & QUEEN SIRIKIT IN MANHATTAN
He doesn't need any more wives."

NEW YORK Swingin' in the Reign

The King of Siam, as any heart-wrung fan of *The King and I* knows, is likely to be a fellow whose love for Thailand is matched by a thirst for the best of the West. The reigning King, grandson of Anna's princely Chulalongkorn, comes by it naturally: he was born in Cambridge, Mass., 32 years ago while his father was studying medicine at Harvard, and slakes his thirst with a special passion for clarinet and sax. Last week King Bhumibol Adulyadej (pronounced *Poom-i-pom Ad-dool-ya-date*), who looks half his age, and his almond-eyed Queen Sirikit, who looks like mandolins sound, landed in Manhattan on their four-week swing through the U.S. And all the ticker-tape parade, the ride in the subway, the view from the Empire State Building faded into nothing when His Majesty went to dinner with the King of Swing Benny Goodman (and 94 others) at the suburban estate of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

For 90 minutes after dinner, Bhumibol and Benny led a foot-stomping, starch-melting jam session. Next day the King

stars (with a one-time Thai Premier and minister to Washington as sideman) in U.S.-style swing sessions that are broadcast from the palace over the Thai radio every Friday night to his 22 subjects.

The King's romance with jazz is pleasantly tolerated by Queen Sirikit. For one thing, Bhumibol is monogamous, unlike most of his celebrated ancestors (his father was the 6th child of King Chulalongkorn). "He doesn't need any more wives," Sirikit once said with a smile. "For him, his orchestra is one big concubine."

Friendship

Often hailed as a symbol of democracy at work, Manhattan's Borough President Hulan Jack is a better symbol of big-city Democratic politics at work. West Indies-born Jack rose from janitor to vice president of a paperbox company, tied his political ambitions to Tammany Hall and the rising power of Manhattan's 400,000 Negroes. Elected to the state assembly seven times, Jack was tapped by Tammany in 1953 for the borough presidency, was elected, and re-elected four years later. As the highest paid (\$25,000) Negro

FOREIGN NEWS

CONGO

The Monstrous Hangover

The huge bonfires of joy died down in the cities of the Congo. The drums and tom-toms grew quiet. The last writhing dancers fell exhausted in the dust. The wild intoxication of newly won independence was over, and last week the monstrous hangover began.

Whiplike Bolts. With a primeval howl, a nation of 14 million people reverted to savagery, plunged backward into the long night of chaos. Tribe turned upon tribe. Blacks turned upon Europeans. The deserted streets of great cities resounded with delirious gunfire and war cries in a dozen tongues. The 25,000-man *Force Publique* mutinied against their white officers, then turned their anger on their new government, against all whites, against all authority. There seemed no logical explanation for the madness that swept the Congo. The Congolese involved gave no coherent answers except to ask bitterly where were the pay raises and easy jobs and plentiful food that had been promised by the politicians?

It began slowly one morning last week when vainglorious Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba went to the Leopold II Barracks outside Léopoldville to deliver one of his grandiose speeches. Mostly Bangala tribesmen, the soldiers were hostile because their tribal leader, Jean Bolikango, had been denied a Cabinet post. They shouted him down and chased him back to the city. Startled Europeans found the streets suddenly filled with disheveled troops, their sports shirts sticking out of their unbuttoned tunics. Carrying clubs and iron bars and swinging their belts like whips, the mutineers shouted alternately "Kill Lumumba" and "Kill all whites." They overturned a car driven by a white

nurse, smashed the cameras of a *LIFE* photographer, roughed up reporters and Belgian officers.

Lumumba went into hiding, but Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko had the courage to mount a chair outside Parliament and quiet the rioters. He led a delegation of three sweaty soldiers to Prime Minister Lumumba. Their demands: 1) removal of the Belgian commander in chief, Lieut. General Emil Janssens, a strict disciplinarian; 2) replacement of all other Belgian officers and noncoms by Congolese; 3) general raises in pay and rank. Lumumba hastily agreed. In the most sweeping army promotion in history, he advanced every Congolese soldier by one grade, making the *Force Publique* the only army in the world without a single private.

Nude Parade. This gesture of appeasement was not enough. That night a blacked-out train reached Léopoldville from Thysville, 90 miles south. Its 300 passengers were mostly Belgian and Portuguese women and children. In voices drained of emotion, they said that the Thysville garrison had mutinied and imprisoned its white officers. Houses and stores were sacked. European men were beaten in the street, and European women humiliated by being forced to parade in the nude. Worse news came three hours later as a convoy of twelve autos brought refugees from Inkisi and Madimba, led by Antoine Saintraint, 33, the civil administrator of the Madimba district. Huddled exhaustedly over a sandwich, he recounted how his wife and some 30 other women had fled to a Roman Catholic convent for protection. Soldiers broke in and raped them all, except for three who were spared because of obvious pregnancy. Was his wife among those raped? "Some things are better left unsaid," Saintraint said grimly.



Larry Burrows
WHITE REFUGEES AWAITING EVACUATION

The cry: "Kill all whites."

Red Landing. More and more cars came in from the countryside scarred by stonings, and the occupants told of being dragged from their homes, beaten and searched for arms. Hundreds of whites camped in the embassies. Unruly bands of soldiers roamed the streets, leaderless and apparently aimless. At one point they all rushed off to the Léopoldville airport because they had heard a rumor that three planeloads of Russian paratroopers had landed to take over the Republic of the Congo.

Under the dust-red light of a nearly full moon, thousands of Europeans flocked to the "Beach," the starting point of ferries making the two-mile run across the mighty river to Brazzaville in French Congo. Normally, the ferries operate only in daylight to avoid being swept downstream into the perilous rapids, but the terrified whites crowded onto paddlewheel steamers, motorboats, skiffs—anything that would float—in their panicky flight.

Foot & Jeep. The next day Léopoldville was a dead city. Shops and offices were closed, and the 15-story skyscrapers stood empty and silent. The deserted streets were patrolled by mutineers on foot or in Jeeps. From hunting for "invading Russians," the soldiers turned to hunting down their former officers—particularly those who were Flemings (*i.e.*, Belgians whose language is related to Dutch), who have always been unpopular with the Congolese for their fancied relation to the South African Boers, whose language is derived from Dutch. Invading the main hotels along the Boulevard Albert, the soldiers drove out U.S. and British newsmen at bayonet point and confined U.N. Representative Ralph Bunche to his room.

Prime Minister Lumumba, encouraged and accompanied by Foreign Minister Bomboko, who emerged last week as the coolest and most courageous member of the Congolese government, went to the Leopold II Barracks to negotiate with the army mutineers. A compromise was ef-



CONGO TRIBALISTS FIGHTING IN LÉOPOLDVILLE
With a primeval howl, a reversion to savagery.



GENERAL JANSSENS & PRIME MINISTER LUMUMBA

The only army in the world without a private.

fected: President Joseph Kasavubu would become commander in chief of the *Force Publique* in place of General Janssens; the garrison would get native officers; and the army would be run by a general staff, part Belgian and part Congolese.

Returning to Léopoldville, Prime Minister Lumumba gratuitously added new fuel to the flames. He blamed the mutiny on Lieut. General Janssens, who, he said, had refused to accept proposals for the Africanization of the army; he blamed the scare about Soviet "invaders" on Belgian agents, and summoned the Belgian ambassador to make the fantastic charge that he had uncovered a Belgian plot to murder him. "The assassins were discovered and arrested in my residence," cried Lumumba. "They were armed to the teeth." Everything that was happening, Lumumba insisted, was a Belgian plot to discredit the Congolese government.

Canceled Flights. As news of mutiny, rape and chaos in the Congo poured into Brussels, Belgium's dapper Premier Gaston Eyskens at first shrugged it off with the remark: "These are the minor growing convulsions of a young nation." But as the first planeloads of refugees arrived from Brazzaville, thousands of former Belgian settlers demonstrated at the airport and nearly mobbed a Congolese politician who was on one of the planes. Shouting "*A bas les macaques!*" [Down with the apes!], the settlers demanded army intervention in the Congo. So did Belgian newspapers, and *La Libre Belgique* cried: "It would be madness to worry now about legal scruples." More details came in: two Europeans had been killed at Kongolo; hundreds were isolated and under attack at the river ports of Boma and Matadi; 1,200 Belgians were trapped in an office building in Luluabourg and appealing desperately for helicopters, guns and paratroopers. Abruptly, Premier Eyskens' government reversed itself. Some

hundred Belgian paratroopers were bundled aboard planes for Léopoldville; Sabena, the Belgian airline, canceled all commercial flights to rush its planes to Africa to evacuate Belgian refugees.

Whimpering Children. As the week wore on, the situation grew worse instead of better. Violence exploded in mineral-rich Katanga province, whose political leader, Moïse Tshombe, has been advocating secession from the Congo. During a night of terror, mutinous Congolese troops roamed the streets of Elisabethville, the provincial capital, screaming war cries and firing machine guns and rifles. Four automobiles returning to the city after evacuating women and children to Rhodesia were stopped at a railroad crossing. Six of the ten European occupants, including

Italian Vice Consul Tito Spoglia, were shot dead, and the others seriously wounded. Cavalcades of cars bearing panicky Europeans streamed eastward to the North Rhodesian border: 3,000 crossed in a single night, and Salisbury hotel lobbies were packed with women comforting whimpering children. The U.S., British and French consuls in Elisabethville called for help. Three hundred paratroopers were rushed by air from the Belgian airbase at Kamina, and for the first time the Congolese mutineers were engaged in battle by white troops. The paratroopers stormed the Elisabethville barracks and routed the mutinous Congolese troops, with some 100 dead.

In a desperate effort to regain control of the *Force Publique*, President Kasavubu and Prime Minister Lumumba promoted a former regimental sergeant major named Victor Lundula to full general and made him commander of the Congolese army. A Belgian colonel in Léopoldville did what he could to help by going on the radio to order all white officers and noncoms to hand in their weapons, since General Lundula was now in command. The troops, he added, would be allowed to choose the white officers they wanted to stay on as technicians; those they did not like would have to leave the country.

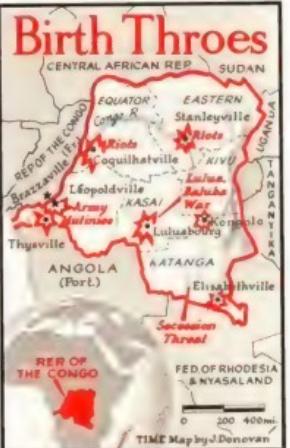
A week's end the Belgian government decided upon armed intervention to rescue and evacuate its citizens in the Congo, who are estimated to number 80,000. Two Belgian officials left Brussels for Léopoldville to put an ultimatum to Lumumba. He was given the choice of inviting Belgian troops to restore order. Should he refuse, the Belgians would intervene on their own initiative. As the Belgian plane took off, the paratroop reservists were assembled at collection points, ready for immediate departure, and army planes warmed up at Belgian airfields to begin the airlift. Either the Congolese government would restore law and order or the Belgian paratroops would do it for them.

SOUTH AFRICA

Hand in Hand

Since the race riots last March, *apartheid*-minded South Africa has learned that politics sometimes goes hand in hand with economics. Fearful of more violence to come, foreign investors have held back their funds. An increasing number of countries are refusing entry to the goods of South Africa and closing their ports to its ships.

In early June Trinidad dockworkers refused to unload a \$20,000 consignment of South African hardboard, forcing its return to the manufacturers; three weeks ago a shipment of tires met the same fate. The Sudan instituted a formal boycott, forcing cancellation of \$250,000 worth of contracts for South African asbestos piping and glass products. Last week Malaya's Prime Minister Abdul Rahman banned all trading with South Africa as of Aug. 1, declared "economic war" on South Africa until she handles her racial problems in "a humane way."



"I am facing ruin," said a major South African exporter of peanut oil, as the ban on his products threatened to spread from the West Indies to several Asian nations. In Europe, Sweden stopped buying South African fruit, and Lectrolite Products Ltd., big South African exporter of auto spare parts, fortnight ago advised the government export-promotion board that its products are now taboo in nine nations. Three weeks ago the delegates to the conference of African independent states at Addis Ababa voted unanimously to urge all emerging black governments to ban South African goods. The Nigerian government has already served notice that beginning next Oct. 1—its day of independence—no South African Airways planes will be permitted to land at Nigeria's big international airport at Kano.

"South Africa is now alone," warned Minister of Transport Barend Schoeman. Though the government is finally releasing 1,200 political prisoners detained since the riots without charges, South Africa's men of *apartheid* show no intention of changing their course. In fact, as soon as the Congo riots broke out last week, the Nationalist press briskly drew the lesson: this is what happens when the white man treats the black as an equal.

NIGERIA

First Among Equals

"In some countries they are experiencing difficulties upon independence they are having troubles," said the massive man in flowing blue robes as he read the news from the Congo. Laying a broad brown hand on his ample girth and stretching up to his full 6 ft. 3 in., Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, 51, the Sardauna of Sokoto, proudly told a Manhattan audience in clipped Oxford English: "But we in Nigeria are trained administrators. We have an old tradition. We inherited leadership from our ancestors. The blood of generations of leadership is in us, running in our veins."

Sir Ahmadu's bloodline runs back to his great-grandfather, who in 1802 carved out a Moslem empire through the mostly arid northern half of Nigeria. But Sir Ahmadu has brought off the neat trick of turning feudal domain into political machine. When the British called elections last December, as a first step toward independence, the Sardauna stumped the walled cities of the north in a campaign that included such innovations as helicopters, skywriting and more than one stuffed ballot box. His party won 142 out of 312 seats in the federal Parliament. Already Premier of the Northern Region, he wants no national office, with feudal condescension describes the new federal Prime Minister, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, as "my deputy." But Sir Abubakar, who is British-educated and will govern through what looks like a workable coalition with the non-Moslem eastern region, has gained major stature of his own, has gradually established his leadership of the new territory in fact as well as name.

On Oct. 1, Nigeria will become Africa's most populous new nation (35 million). "We need assistance," said the Sardauna, whose frank pitch for both public and private capital took him from Wall Street to the offices of Secretary of State Christian Herter. "We need expert advice, money and equipment. We have a shortage of trained workers. Our supplies of power and water are not at present adequate. Our transport system is far from perfect. But the British were good tutors. We have attained our independence without riots, without hatred."

He has no doubts about the direction Nigeria will face or his pride in its stature. Said the Sardauna: "We know our



Camera Press—Fox
NIGERIA'S SARDAUNA OF SOKOTO
Leadership was in his veins.

friends, and we should state quite firmly that we stand solidly with them in foreign affairs. We will join the Commonwealth. When independence comes, Nigeria will rise first among equals in Africa."

RUSSIA

On Target

Just before dawn, at an altitude of 33,000 ft., Pan American Airways Flight 2 was about 550 miles out of Tokyo, bound for Honolulu. "Suddenly I saw what appeared to be a bright star with a gaseous-appearing halo, elliptical in shape," said Captain H. Lanier Turner. "But right away I could see it was moving, and I judged it to be an ICBM, or something the Russians were trying to put in orbit."

"Within two minutes the star was in the center of the halo, which appeared to be about ten times the size of the moon. Then the star became elongated, in a dumbbell shape, as if a separation were taking place. Then the missile became a spot of light as it merged with the horizon in the purplish light of the early dawn."

Moments later, the rocket splashed close to its target within a triangle of

three Russian recovery vessels 1,000 miles south of Hawaii, 8,078 miles from its launching site deep within the Soviet Union. This was 1,000 miles short of the distance record set by the U.S.'s Atlas last May. Alerted two weeks ago by a Radio Moscow broadcast warning the world's shipping to stay clear of the 50,000-sq.-mi. target zone, the U.S. Navy had had airplanes circling the area for days; Navy planes saw the impact, traced the rocket's progress by telemetry and radar.

Two days later the Russians fired another rocket into the Pacific target area, then abruptly canceled this series of tests, which was scheduled to last until the end of the month. So accurate were the rockets, gloated Russian scientists, that further testing was unnecessary. Crowed Tass: "All the necessary data has been obtained for the development of the carrier rocket intended for the further conquest of cosmic space."

Big Wind in the Alps

Grotesquely mixing buffoonery with terror, Nikita Khrushchev waddled on last week through the lovely little country that is Austria. At his side, wherever he went, was Austria's embarrassed Chancellor Julius Raab. The favorite story in Vienna's cafés: one of Khrushchev's bodyguards asked an Austrian why Raab looked so gloomy. Replied the Austrian: "Too much friendship can be sickening."

Just Like Hitler. Khrushchev's portable platform was a scraggly, 15-bus convoy that wound through the peaceful Austrian countryside. For a starter, at the old Mauthausen concentration camp where 123,000 prisoners died, Khrushchev denounced German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer for "Hitler" policies and later elaborated on the theme: "Hitler opened his mouth and wanted to swallow everybody. Adenauer licks his lips, he gets angry, but he cannot move from the spot. Should he attempt to touch the Socialist countries, he will be smashed immediately!"

At the mammoth VöEST steel works (formerly the Hermann Göring plant), Khrushchev exploded when told it had been rebuilt with Marshall Plan dollars. "Who will help you?" he cried. "The United States? No! Britain? No! West Germany? No! The capitalist countries think of Austria as a competitor. We of the Soviet Union cooperate."

Stiff-lipped but studiously correct, Chancellor Raab got the final shocker at a hotel banquet in Klagenfurt. "Neutrality is no mountain fastness," Khrushchev warned. "The fight for peace concerns all people. The presence of rocket bases in northern Italy—and if they are used against the Socialist countries—would presuppose a violation of Austrian neutrality." For its own sake, he said, Austria should warn Italy against "playing with fire." The clear threat: if war should start, Russian troops would cross the Austrian border without compunction.

A Hand at the Tie. As always, Khrushchev could switch with bewildering speed from bully to iam. "Communism is

my elixir of life," he bragged. "All I want is to live long enough to see the Red flag flying all over the world." At one point, riding through the Alps by cable car, he burst into the Volga Boatmen's song, insisted that Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko join in. While his wife Nina stayed humbly to the rear, he flirted with his attractive blonde Minister of Culture, Ekaterina Furtseva, 50. They joined in frequent private giggles, and occasionally she straightened his tie. But the pace began to tell. Khrushchev was pale and fatigued by evening, and Wife Nina worried to a friend: "He's trying to do too much."

Though Raab remained diplomatically silent through Nikita's tirades, the Austrian people made their feelings plain. Most boycotted Khrushchev's public ap-

Cuba (*see HEMISPHERE*), Raab went on radio to set the record straight. He called the attacks on Adenauer "extremely unpleasant," affirmed his friendship for the U.S., and noted that Communism was "declined by 97% of our population" in last year's elections.

Halfway Coexistence

While Khrushchev was busy denouncing the U.S. in Austria, his subordinates in Moscow were acting as if some of their best friends were Americans. Almost too of the cream of Moscow society showed up for the U.S. embassy's Fourth of July celebration. Among them: First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, Secretaries Frol Kozlov and Nikolai Ignatov.

So many people arrived for the party,

Francis Powers would be given a public trial, the three strolled to the drawing room to listen to a visiting celebrity, Pianist Van Cliburn. As Cliburn launched into Liszt's *Twelfth Rhapsody*, Mikoyan put a fatherly hand on the shoulder of U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson's daughter Sherry. When Cliburn swung into some lively Russian songs, Mikoyan joined in the chorus.

In Moscow, where parties are judged by the quantity and quality of Russian officials who attend, the U.S. party was a smashing success. Some attributed it to the popularity of Ambassador Thompson, others felt it was another sign that coexistence is still Soviet policy in spite of Khrushchev's blustering. Said one Western observer: "It was as if the U-2 incident and the summit collapse had never happened. The descent from the summit seems to have halted at the halfway mark."

CYPRUS

Freedom in August

In Nicosia's Government House, under an outside painting of Aphrodite rising from the foam, pens scratched for almost an hour last week as British, Greek, Turkish and Cypriot delegates initialed the 87 separate documents making up the draft treaty for an independent Cyprus. Britain rushed an independence bill to Commons, while Archbishop Makarios, the President-elect, called the first parliamentary elections for July 31 and looked forward to freedom by mid-August.

Britain got most of what it wanted: complete sovereignty over two air and sea bases totaling 99 square miles, plus the use of 31 sites and installations outside the base areas. But the military usefulness of the bases, Makarios warned, will depend on "the friendliness and cooperation of the Cypriot people." Makarios declared last week that he would object to a nuclear stockpile on Cyprus, and added: "Nor would we agree to the use of the bases as a springboard for attack on any country." Colonial Under Secretary Julian Amery, who signed the treaty for Britain, was not disposed to argue, but pointed out brusquely: "They are sovereign bases."

As the first President, Makarios will have to learn to get along not only with the British but with restive Cypriot factions. To avoid a disruptive election campaign, he has already allotted five of the 35 Greek seats in Parliament to the Communist AKEL, which has a 30% popular backing and is certain to prove a troublesome minority. Under terms of the London agreement that ended the fighting, the Turkish population (20% of Cyprus' 500,000 people) gets 15 Parliament seats and 30% of all civil service jobs. Last week the Turkish Cypriot leader, Dr. Fazil Kutchuk, threatened to delay the treaty signing unless all the jobs were handed over at once. Only an appeal from Turkey's Acting President Celal Gursel, who was anxious for a settlement, brought Kutchuk to the table.

But during the long months of truce and wrangling negotiations, passions have



KHRUSHCHEV & AUSTRIA'S ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT FIGL
Switching with his usual speed from bull to horn.

pearances: special Masses were held for the "silent Church" behind the Iron Curtain. "A demagogue is using Austria as a base for propaganda rockets," cried the Vienna daily *Express*.

Both the U.S. and West Germany sharply protested Austria's refusal to "dissociate" itself from the tirades. But Khrushchev could not be stopped. At a final press conference, he warned that if the West German Bundestag held its annual symbolic meeting in Berlin this fall as planned, he might seize the occasion to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany. Chortled Nikita: "This would mean that all members of the Parliament would have to ask for visas from the East German government to get back home."

With a small trade victory safely in hand (the ending of Austrian oil shipments as war reparations in 1964, a year earlier than scheduled, and the beginning of talks toward a five-year trade pact), Raab saw Nikita off at the airport with obvious relief. With Khrushchev safely back home and rattling his rockets at the U.S. in behalf of his newest protégé,

including busloads of American tourists that one old lady was prompted to remark: "Did President Eisenhower decide to come after all?" Apart from the crowds, the little cakes and flowing Schaumwein, the big three sat on a circular veranda and held an impromptu press conference. In obvious reference to recent speculation that Mikoyan had been downgraded, one correspondent said to him: "It's a very pleasant surprise to see you here, and everyone is commenting on the fact." With heavy humor, Mikoyan replied: "Were you opposed to my coming?" He spoke with all the confidence of his old authority, and has, in fact, been acting as chief of the government in Khrushchev's absence. Asked if Russia had enough tankers to supply Cuba with oil, he answered: "The Soviet Union has enough tankers to supply not only Cuba with oil but if necessary the U.S. as well." He bristled only once when a reporter wanted to know the distance from the Black Sea to Cuba: "I am not an information officer."

After Kozlov put in a plug for peaceful coexistence and confirmed that U-2 Pilot

subsided, and Turk and Greek seem ready to accept coexistence out of sheer weariness. Makarios will take office with wide personal popularity among the Greek-Cypriot majority and a \$40 million going-away present from the British. He will use it over the next five years to build roads and try to get Cypriot agriculture out of the wooden-plow stage. Simply by signing the treaty last week, Makarios guaranteed that the island's 12,000 restless unemployed will soon be at work on new base construction that the British plan.

WEST GERMANY

The Sacrifice

With all the world talking about the urgent importance of granting economic aid to developing countries, the quiet man off in the corner has been the Federal Republic of West Germany. West German gold and foreign-exchange reserves have shot up to a whopping \$6.5 billion (British holdings: \$2.8 billion), and West German exports now top those of every other European country. Yet since 1956 the Germans have spent just \$60 million altogether in technical aid. Last week when the nine-nation Development Assistance Group met in Bonn, the U.S.'s Assistant Secretary of the Treasury T. Graydon Upton bluntly told his German hosts that it was time that West Germany shouldered a full share of foreign aid.

The Germans had been expecting the blast. A few days before the meeting, the government introduced a new \$500 million, five-year aid plan, largely drawn from counterpart funds set up as part of the Marshall Plan aid. Said Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard: "The German people should not forget that after their country's collapse they received help through the sacrifices of other nations. We shall be prepared to recognize our obligations and make a deliberate sacrifice to help other peoples." Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano added that "development policy must be given equal status with our Eastern policy and our European policy." Said Socialist Deputy Heinrich Deist: "We, in our economic wonderland with its booming business, should be ashamed of the fact that we are still using the revenues of American [Marshall Plan] aid for internal purposes. A courageous decision is necessary."

A more far-reaching plan is to levy a special tax, the proceeds of which would be earmarked for an aid program. But as a German delegate hastily explained to his Development Assistance Group colleagues, this is a pre-election year in West Germany—"a bad time for burdening the German public with new taxes."

ITALY

Riot Politics

ITALY THREATENED WITH CIVIL WAR shrieked wire-service bulletins last week. Italy was threatened with nothing of the sort. The fact was that Italy's Communist Party had made a major effort to topple the Tambroni government, had succeeded

only in producing a series of bloody riots up and down Italy that unhappily cost eleven lives, but left the vast mass of Italy's citizens indifferent and even outraged.

It all began when the small neo-Fascist party scheduled a party congress in Genoa. The Communists, who have been chafing under the political ostracism they have suffered of recent years, saw a splendid opportunity to take advantage of the smoldering resentment many Italians felt when Fernando Tambroni accepted the support of the 24 neo-Fascist Deputies to form his government. As the neo-Fascists assembled, a gang of Red-led picketers charged into the Piazza de Ferrari, Genoa's *celere* (riot police) were waiting for them. They circled around the rioters in jeeps like Indians around a wagon train,



MOUNTED POLICE & ROMAN RIOTERS
The bloody shirt was a flop.

UPI

clipping heads with their stout billies and gradually narrowing the crowd down to a hard core. Special riot trucks doused the demonstrators with automatic hoses. When the melee was over, some 200 were in jail, several hundred more injured.

Raising the cry of "Fascism," the Communists briskly organized other riots, happily saw many non-Communists join them for once in common cause. In Reggio Emilia in northern Italy, a policeman was trapped in a crowd of Communist toughs. He panicked and began shooting, and five rioters were killed.

In Rome, a crowd including go parliamentary Deputies led by tough, balding Communist Giancarlo Pajetta and Republican Ludovico Camangi marched to Porta San Paolo to lay a wreath on the Partisan Plaque, which commemorates Italian resistance to the Fascists during World War II. The *celere*, under orders to permit no demonstrations of any kind, quickly moved to disperse the mob. The crowd charged the police, heaving bricks and wielding staves. Then a troop of mounted carabinieri rode into the mob.

Moments later, Pajetta strode into the Chamber of Deputies dramatically waving the blood-smeared shirt of Socialist Deputy Gianguido Borghese, who had been hurt in the cavalry charge. "Assassins!" shouted the Communists, and the chamber quickly became a free-for-all. Communists and Christian Democrats knocked aside ushers, grappled along the chamber's steep aisles. Only after hours of brawling was order restored.

Next day the Reds called for a nationwide general strike. But the cry went largely unheeded, even by many of the Communist-dominated unions. Premier Tambroni turned down a resolution calling for a 15-day truce between the rioting factions. Argued Tambroni: established governments maintaining law and order

do not make truces with the forces of violence.

Though Italian Communist Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti mustered thousands of mourners at the funeral of the five Communists killed in Reggio Emilia, the riots had served to rally non-Communists temporarily to the support of the Tambroni government. But there was little rejoicing among liberal Italians, who recognized the neo-Fascists as a constant source of similar trouble for the government. Wrote Fundi Enrico Mattei: "The Tambroni government cannot go where there is violence. But when the violence ends, let it go in favor of a more representative government stronger and better equipped to cope with sedition."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Angry Man

A hush settled over the House of Commons. On the benches, every member wore a black tie; the galleries were crowded with peers, ambassadors and solemn visitors. At 62, Aneurin Bevan was dead, and



BEVAN BY VICKY
A fire burned out.

the House of Commons paid him homage. "He was a bonny fighter, and a chivalrous one," said Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, chief of the party Bevan had rallied against all his life. Said Labor's Hugh Gaitskell: "His death is as if a fire had gone out—a fire which we sometimes found too hot, by which we were sometimes scorched, but a fire which warmed and cheered us and stimulated us." In a corner seat of the front bench below the gangway sat the solitary figure of Sir Winston Churchill, who had often been Nye Bevan's bitterest foe. When Gaitskell recalled some of Nye's fierce sallies, including the attack on Churchill when he cried that he welcomed the "opportunity of picking the bloated bladder of lies with the poniard of truth," Churchill gave a fleeting smile of remembrance and made a gracious bow toward the speaker.

Lost Prize. All Britain mourned the passing of the wild-haired Welshman who, in 30 years of public life, had never quite made it to the top. Except for Churchill, Nye Bevan was the greatest orator Britain has known in this century. His fitting, cadenced speech struck passion into friends and foes alike; his fierce socialism demanded instant nationalization of industry, instant disarmament, instant betterment for workers and the poor. Yet in Nye, Socialism seemed locked in battle with a vaunting personal ambition. Time and again he reached the brink of power in his party and his country, only to lose the prize by rash behavior that made even his fellow Socialists feel safer in the hands of a competent but unexciting eminence like Clement Attlee.

Bevan was born to anger in the coal-seamed Ebbw Vale district of South Wales. He was one of the seven surviving children of a coal miner, grew up in a cramped, mud-floored cottage in the grimy town of Tredegar. At 13 Nye left

school and went into the mines himself. He read all the books he could cart away from the Workmen's Institute, overcame a stammer by reciting Shakespeare to anyone who would listen, and at 21 was sent by his fellow miners to London's Central Labor College. The school's militant motto: "Educate. Agitate. Organize."

Even then he was a strange mixture of rabid rebel and good companion—the original Angry Young Man, full of both compassion and wit. The war with the Kaiser was none of his concern; his battle was with the thoughtless world of privilege that allowed his father to choke to death of a miner's lung disease and never offered a tuppence in workers' compensation. In 1929 he burst upon Parliament "like some great disturbance of nature" as the new member from Ebbw Vale.

Youthful Ghost. The old Welsh firebrand, Lloyd George, had once advised that the best way for a newcomer to attract attention in the House was to attack the greatest men around. Nye started with Lloyd George himself. During Nye's blistering speech, said another M.P. later, "Lloyd George sat there fascinated. It was as though he had seen a ghost—the ghost of his own youth."

Bevan's mission, as he saw it then, was the "bullying of tradition," and his bullying took a form unknown to the owlish Harold Laski or those doctrinaire Socialists, the Webbs. Once, when Churchill roared in exasperation, "There was a parliamentary democracy in this country before the Labor Party was born," Bevan roared back: "There wasn't. There was a Parliament but not a democracy. Your people were here and mine were not." He had no patience with Labor's own indecisive Ramsay MacDonald, "treading his revolutionary path from conference to conference." He also had words for a young Scottish member named Jennie Lee, who could not make up her mind about socialism. Snorted Nye: "Why don't you get yourself to a nunnery and be done with it?" By 1934 Jennie Lee had made up her mind—and Nye had changed his. "Miss Lee and I," he announced one day, "had a discussion in her chambers in the Middle Temple. We agreed to get married."

People flocked to his narrow Regency house in London or his squishy estate in Buckinghamshire and were dazzled by his private charm. In private or public there was no holding his mind or breaking his tongue. He railed against his own party for not backing intervention against Spain's Franco, at one point was suspended from the House. With the coming of war, he was one of the first voices to call Winston Churchill to lead a national government, but in the midst of Britain's finest hour, he denounced the great man as "suffering from petrified adolescence," "Merchant of discourtesy!" stormed Churchill. "Better than being a wholesaler of disaster," countered Bevan. Churchill's most memorable phrase for Nye was "squashed nuisance," but the two had a wary respect for each other.

"We want," cried Bevan at a Labor

Party conference in 1945, "the complete political extinction of the Tory Party." Finally, Labor got its chance. Clement Attlee became Prime Minister, and, to the consternation of many, he made Aneurin Bevan Minister of Health and then Minister of Labor and National Service. Bevan fathered the National Health Service, but when Attlee's new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell, allotted more to armaments and less to welfare than Nye wanted, Bevan resigned from the Cabinet in disgust.

Next But One. He had become a bogeyman to everyone—the Tories, whom he called "lower than vermin," the academic Socialists. Hugh Gaitskell ("that desicated calculating machine") and the U.S., which he regarded as the exponent of greedy capitalism and diplomatic ineptitude. Though he had thought well enough of Communism in theory in the 1930s to urge a popular front (a notion that got him briefly expelled from the Labor Party), he ultimately came to regard the Kremlin-directed Communist movement as deeply malevolent. When Moscow ordered the Berlin blockade, he was almost alone in Britain in demanding that the Allies send armored columns to break through it. With age there came a kind of mellowing, mixed with listlessness and bitterness. No longer did people say Bevan was "the next Prime Minister but one." History had passed him by.

In 1957 Bevan made his peace with Hugh Gaitskell, accepting what he had once fought bitterly: the necessity for Britain to have its own H-bomb. To his fiercely loyal followers it was a "betrayal" they never forgave, and Harold Macmillan seemed right when he caustically described him as "a shorn Samson, surrounded by a bevy of prim and aging Delilahs."

At 4:10 one afternoon last week, Nye Bevan lost his long fight against cancer. His family and four close friends gathered at a South Wales crematory. There was no minister, no prayer, no eulogy. After the playing of the andante from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* on a gramophone, Nye's great body was burned to ashes. He will be buried on the desolate hill called Waunpound where he made his first political speeches. "When he was a young man," remembered one Tredegar housewife last week, "all he had to do was to run down the street and call, 'Come on, lads,' and they knew he was off to Waunpound and a speech. And they'd fall in after him like he was a Pied Piper."

SOUTH KOREA

Turnabout

The 30 prisoners, roped together in groups of five, filed last week into a dilapidated Seoul courtroom. In a wide plaza two blocks away, a sweltering crowd of 30,000 grim-faced Koreans listened to the proceedings over loudspeakers set up for their benefit. Cordon of police and barriers of barbed wire kept the vengeful crowd away from the courtroom itself.

The judge asked the first defendant

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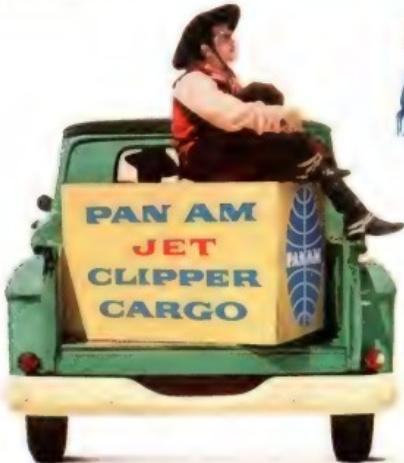
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his name, "Choi In Kyu." Age? "Forty-two." Occupation? "Unemployed." Assets? Choi answered: "Since the mobs of demonstrators burned down my house last April, I now possess properties worth only from \$10,000 to \$60,000." To the listening Koreans, Choi In Kyu needed no introduction. As Home Minister in ex-President Syngman Rhee's Cabinet, U.S.-educated Choi had controlled the much-feared Korean national police. Standing trial with him were nine other Rhee-ministers, the former national police director, other top police officials, bankers and 13 chieftains of Rhee's discredited Liberal Party.

The prosecutor charged that the defendants had stuffed ballot boxes, raised election funds through extortion, forced 100,000 government workers to campaign for Rhee's candidates, fabricated results to suit themselves. In cases where over-enthusiastic field workers turned in results showing 90% or more in favor of Rhee's ticket, provincial governors and police chiefs were ordered to reduce the vote count so that Rhee would get a more plausible 80%, his running mate Lee Ki Poong a few percentage points less. Choi pleaded guilty to five charges, admitting that he had ordered ballot boxes stuffed with up to 40% of the total expected vote even before the polls opened, had local officials throw out any poll watchers sent by the opposition party, and had directed the rigging of the final count.

Choi and his co-defendants expected little mercy from the judges and prosecutors they faced. As former Rhee appointees, the jurists are eager to channel public hatred away from themselves and onto the prisoners. Since violation of the election laws is punishable by a maximum of only five years at hard labor, the caretaker Huh Chung government has additionally charged top defendants such as Choi with violating the National Security Law by "attempting to form an unconstitutional government through illegal elections"—a law which, ironically, Rhee had designed as a club to intimidate his own opponents. The maximum penalty: death.

IRAN

The People Wait

Last month Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi called Iran's legislators to his palace and ordered them to schedule new elections this month. Opposition candidates would be permitted, and the elections were to be completely free. But he explained candidly: "As head of the state, I am above parties and organizations. If the government is not working properly, even though it has a majority, I can dismiss the government and disband the Majlis. What difference does it make to me who becomes a Deputy?"

Startling as this pronouncement sounded to Western ears, it created little stir among Iranians. For ever since the Shah-an-shah ousted weepy Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953, he has ruled with an unashamed if benevolent absolutism. To set an example in land reform, he distributed thousands of royal acres to the peasants,



London Daily Express
SHAH & PRIME MINISTER EGHBAL
"What difference does it make to me?"

set in train such long range developments as dams, roads and irrigation, and has lavished much of the oil revenues of Iran in a buildup of the 200,000-man army.

Cause & Effect. The overthrow of the neighboring Turkish government this spring disturbed the Shah and his court. He also vividly remembers the uprising in Iraq which ended with the assassination of King Feisal. There is ample cause for unrest in the Shah's kingdom, and from across the border, Radio Moscow keeps up a steady drumfire of abuse. In his shabby capital of Teheran, a small portion of the population lives in splendor while the rest exist in the squalor of centuries, washing themselves in the open gutter jubes which double as sewers and water mains. In the arid countryside, the poor scrape the soil at wages of 60c a day while absentee landlords flatly refuse to follow the Shah's lead in giving up some of their property to the peasants. In recent years the cost of living has risen steadily. The nation's foreign exchange has been drained dangerously by a government indulgence which lets favored army officers and the country's rich import luxury goods ranging from Cadillacs to air conditioners.

The threat of trouble comes mainly from Iran's growing body of intellectuals, either educated abroad or trained at home by Western-influenced teachers. Admiring liberty, they are humiliated by the servility of their Parliament; taught to respect honesty, they are disgusted by the pall of corruption that hangs over the Shah's court. Yet the intellectuals are responsible for part of Iran's plight: they want only the whitest of white-collar jobs and would rather be unemployed lawyers than hard-working engineers.

Hope for Safety. There is no country in the Middle East where the stakes are bigger or U.S. involvements as great. For 16 years, a U.S. military mission has been advising and training the Iranian army,

U.S. firms, such as David E. Lilienthal's Development & Resources Corp., are building Iranian dams and highways; more than \$1 billion in U.S. economic and military aid has poured into Teheran in the past nine years. Yet an Iranian mission has just asked Washington for an additional loan to balance the badly out-of-whack Iranian budget, and the military-minded Shah grumbles that he is not getting any supersonic century series jet fighters, even though there are only a handful of Iranian pilots skillful enough to fly the F-86s he already has.

The Shah clearly hopes that this month's elections will provide a safety valve. "We have two political parties which will have interparty strife," he says. But even so, the Shah is leaving little to chance. Old Mossadegh, who is still secretly admired by many Iranians, is kept safely sequestered on his estate 25 miles outside Teheran, and any Mossadegh supporter finds it impossible to run for election. Of the authorized parties, the Melliyun is under the leadership of Prime Minister Manouchehr Eghbal who once told Parliament, "I am not interested in your criticism and your complaints. You may say whatever you like. I don't depend on your votes. The Shah has ordered me to serve, and I am his servant." The opposition Mardom party was set up on the Shah's orders by his oldest friend, Asadollah Alam. One of the opposition charges is that the government party does not adequately explain to the people how much the Shah has done for them. Grumbled a prominent Iranian in private: "You would think they are both trying to get the Shah elected Prime Minister."

Despite the Shah's good intentions and high intelligence, he seems to have developed a supernatural reverence for his own mission, delights in the praise of fawning courtiers. His secret police, a necessity in a country bordering on Communist Russia, are all too often inclined to treat any outspoken critic of the regime as a subversive. Reform-minded men, earnestly hoping that corruption and inefficiency can be cleaned up by the Shah before the forces of unrest become explosive, generally fear to speak out. Said one young nationalist, "Personally, I want the Shah to remain as a democratic king, giving powers to duly elected ministers, but I don't think he wants to do it. Meanwhile, the people wait, hour by hour."

JAPAN

No Anger

Japanese voters last week gave another convincing display of support for the recently ratified Japanese-U.S. security pact. In Saitama prefecture, adjacent to Tokyo, incumbent Liberal Democratic Governor Hiroshi Kurihara rolled over a Socialist opponent who had campaigned loudly against the treaty. Though Socialist leaders poured into the prefecture from nearby Tokyo urging voters to "show your anger over the treaty in the election," Kurihara ran up 14,807 more votes than he did in 1956 to defeat his Socialist rival 374,598 to 126,134.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Khrushchev's Protectorate

Nikita Khrushchev last week claimed Cuba as his to protect from a hostile U.S.

Appearing on only 15 minutes' notice before a convention of schoolteachers in the Kremlin, Khrushchev climbed the rostrum to deliver a televised and broadcast warning to the U.S. to keep hands off Cuba—an ultimatum. Castro has been asking him to issue. Soviet rocket tests in the Pacific, said Khrushchev, proved that Russia could accurately hit the U.S. interior. He blustered on: "Now the U.S. is not so unreachable as it once was. Speaking concretely, Soviet artillermen can support with their rocket fire the Cuban people if aggressive forces in the Pentagon dare to start intervention against Cuba." What is more, said Khrushchev, "we will help our Cuban brothers by causing the failure of the economic blockade declared against Cuba by the U.S."

On vacation in Newport, President Eisenhower got busy with a tough reply. Khrushchev's statement, said Ike, "underscores the close ties that have developed between the Soviet and Cuban governments." Then he firmly laid down an Eisenhower amendment to the Monroe Doctrine: "The U.S. will not permit the establishment of a regime dominated by international Communism in the Western Hemisphere."

Mutual Hate. Touring Czechoslovakia, Raúl Castro, brother of Fidel and head of Cuba's armed forces, showed that Communism's affection for Cuba was mutual. On a visit to a dana near Písek, in western Czechoslovakia, he met a troupe of junketing Red Chinese and North Korean military brass, chatted about the common struggle of the Chinese, Korean and Cuban peoples against "the American



Associated Press
AMBASSADOR KUDRIAVTSEV

For new comrades, an old spy.

aggressors." A few weeks before he set out on his trip, Raúl Castro remarked to intimates in Havana: "My dream is to drop three atomic bombs on New York."

The full measure of Russia's ambitions for Cuba was made plain last week in its choice of an ambassador for Havana, Sergei Kudriavtsev. The name should be familiar. Kudriavtsev was, in the findings of a Canadian royal commission, the real head of the Canadian spy ring exposed by the defecting Russian cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko in 1945. The Russians then brazenly assigned him to the U.N. as adviser to the Soviet delegation in 1947, but the appointment stirred such bad pub-

licity that he was recalled inside four months. Russia's man in Havana is obviously expected to head Soviet penetration of Latin America.

Communists, So What? Cuba was having its own diplomatic headaches. Four Cuban ambassadors (to Italy, Switzerland, El Salvador and Britain) quit or were fired. All had dared to warn against Cuba's drift toward Communist control. Even more embarrassing to Castro was the defection of the man he had recently designated to be ambassador to the U.S. A law professor at the University of Havana, José Miró Cardona was Castro's first Prime Minister after the fall of Dictator Fulgencio Batista. His enchantment had increased as the months went by. In a letter of resignation last week to Castro's puppet President, Osvaldo Dorticos, Miró explained that "ideological differences between government policies and my conscience are insurmountable." Then he ducked for cover in the Argentine embassy in Havana, as a hail of manufactured hatred clattered around him. Behind, Miró left a memorandum of the final conversation he had had with Dorticos. In the heat of discussion, Miró suggested to Dorticos that he had a totalitarian concept of state. Dorticos' angry reply: "If Cuba wishes, we will say 'Yes, we are Communists. So what?'"

Coping with Castro

The problem of Fidel Castro last week became the U.S.'s most immediate foreign concern. The mutual hostility was open and declared, but this made the solution no easier.

In retaliation for Castro's seizure of U.S.-owned oil refineries, President Eisenhower had virtually banned U.S. imports of Cuban sugar, the crop Cuba depends most upon. An exasperated U.S. thus got some satisfaction out of no longer putting up with Castro's confiscations and threats.* "The U.S. has run out of checks to turn," cracked one U.S. diplomat. But aside from such satisfaction, the U.S. made Castro's lot harder, and worsened the lot of the Cuban people, without really doing anything to cope with Castro. What to do next was the pressing question.

Attempted Murder. U.S. policy was to aim for eventual collective action by the 21-member Organization of American States. Castro had plainly violated the Caracas Declaration of 1954 barring Communist domination of any hemisphere nation. But Latin American politicos tacitly made two demands in return for their support. One was that the U.S. should make no unilateral move against Castro. The other was that the U.S. must support Latino efforts to get rid of dictatorship and backwardness throughout the hemisphere. Last week, when it became plain



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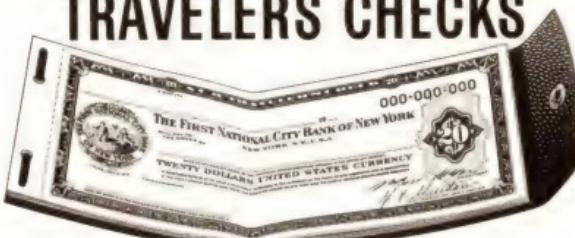
Franklin—London Daily Mirror

* Worried over the prospect of possible injury to U.S. visiting or resident baseball players, the International League took steps to transfer the franchise of the Triple A Havana Sugar Kings to Jersey City.



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that Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of the Dominican Republic was back of the recent attempt to assassinate Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt (*see below*), the U.S. took a leading role in calling for a special meeting of the OAS that could lead to punishment of Trujillo by diplomatic or economic sanctions.

But after all the forbearance toward Castro, the U.S. last week found Latin American nations not yet willing to side with the U.S. against him. Among workers, peasants and students in Latin America, Castro is still regarded as a legendary hill fighter against tyranny. His professions of land reform and his pulling Uncle Sam's beard made him still more popular. As one Peruvian worker put it: "The gringos don't want to see Latin countries shake themselves free of their claws. That's why they're trying to topple Castro."

Under such pressures, Latin American governments shied at opposing Castro. The tip-off came in Mexico. Prompted by Mexican ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas, who expropriated foreign oil holdings himself in 1938, a congressional leader of Mexico's ruling party said: "In this critical moment for our sister republic of Cuba, when it appears that our Northern neighbor is closing the door of friendship and comprehension to the yearning of the Cuban people to live in liberty and economic independence, we, the representatives of the Mexican people, repeat our attitude of solidarity with the people of Cuba." In an actual OAS showdown, Mexico—and other major Latin nations—would probably declare their neutrality between the U.S. and Cuba.

Forced Feeding. What other courses are open? Direct armed intervention presumably went out with manifest destiny and banana republicanism, and is specifically banned by the OAS charter. In Guatemala in 1954, the U.S. tried secret support of Rebel Leader Carlos Castillo Armas against the Communist-infiltrated regime of Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz, and "Guatemala" has been a dirty word in Communist propaganda ever since. Overt U.S. backing for an internal rebellion might only serve to rally Cubans behind Castro.

Under forced draft last week, Eisenhower and his Latin American advisers came up with an idea that could show Latin America that the U.S.'s heart was in the right place: a massive campaign with the scope and openhandedness of the postwar Marshall Plan, to lift Latin America from economic backwardness. The plan showed a belated awareness that the two most powerful drives among the have-nots of the hemisphere—nationalism and the urge to escape ignorance and poverty—have too long been the property of the left.

The idea, advocated by Milton Eisenhower, had been on the back burner a long time. The trouble with bringing it forward now was the evidence that the U.S. was forced into it by Fidel Castro (whom Ike specifically banned from any benefits the plan may produce). And, if it

is not to suffer the fate of other grand plans for hemisphere development, it must not be left in the hands of forgotten committees, enfeebled by too little funds, or diluted into a mere reshuffling of old plans and agencies. It would not of itself cure ancient suspicions of the U.S., which demagogues easily exploit; and it was no real answer to Castro.

VENEZUELA

Trujillo's Murder Plot

Dominican Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has done many harsh acts and some stupid ones in his 30 years in power. But perhaps none has ever matched the deed he was accused of last week. The Organization of American States listened



COLONEL ABBES GARCIA
Suitcases packed for death.

to detailed evidence that Trujillo personally plotted last month's nearly successful assassination attempt against Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt. The OAS found the case persuasive enough to vote 19 to 0 (with the Dominicans and the Venezuelans abstaining) to judge the evidence and act on it.

Most of the evidence marshaled by Venezuela came from testimony of captured plotters. As they told it, a C-46 cargo plane took off June 17 from Caracas' Maiquetia airport carrying four passengers, including a self-styled Venezuelan named Juan Manuel Sanoja. As the plane neared Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, Sanoja instructed the pilot to radio the message: "Advise the Generalissimo that General Sanoja is aboard plane. Also advise Colonel John Garcia."

"You may land at San Isidro Military Base," came the answer. The plane passengers were met by Dominican officials in Mercedes-Benz limousines and driven to a house in Ciudad Trujillo. There they were shortly joined by Colonel John

Abbes Garcia, 36, Trujillo's chief intelligence agent and henchman.

Abbes Garcia told them: "I have an apparatus that might interest you." He produced an innocent-looking, brown overnight case covered with imitation alligator skin. Inside was a small radio transmitter designed to operate a receiver that could detonate dynamite. At this point, the testimony continued, a car drove up to the house, and in strutted Trujillo himself. He asked about Venezuela's political atmosphere and declared that "the enemy must be hit hard." For Trujillo, Betancourt is "the enemy," and Betancourt, in turn, obsessively hates Trujillo. "If we don't do it to him," Trujillo told Sanoja & Co., "he will do it to us."

Next day Abbes Garcia demonstrated how the detonator worked by blowing up two cars. Then Sanoja and his fellow recruits flew back to Venezuela.

On the morning of June 24, two of the plotters parked a green 1954 Oldsmobile on the road Betancourt would take to attend the Venezuelan Armed Forces Day ceremony. They placed two green suitcases, loaded with 60 lbs. of ammonium-nitrate dynamite and a radio receiver, in the trunk, hooked up the detonating receiver. When Betancourt's car passed, one of the plotters, standing 200 yards away, pressed a button inside the brown overnight case and the Olds exploded.

But Abbes Garcia had misled the Venezuelans on how much explosive was needed. Though three others were killed, Betancourt survived with minor burns. And enough of the Olds was left to make it easily traceable. The owner was quickly found, and he spilled the story. Venezuelan cops had no trouble finding the abandoned detonating device. The lesson seemed to be that any political figure who displeases Trujillo can realistically fear that the dictator will try to murder him.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

A Race Against Death

Whenever Dictator Trujillo's bloodhounds and thugs get too close, his intended victims know that Brazilian Ambassador Jaime de Barros Gomes will do his best to give them sanctuary. Early this year 17 Trujillo foes fought their way to Barros' embassy in Ciudad Trujillo and got asylum. Last month another 13 reached safety there. One day last week four more made a desperate try.

Aroused by the sound of gunfire, Ambassador Barros looked out from his office window onto the tree-shaded avenue in front of the embassy just in time to see three men and a woman run through the embassy gate. A handful of Dominican cops fired at them. Bullets splattered against the embassy walls, blood trickled down the embassy driveway. In the embassy garden, two men lay dead. The other man and the woman, alive but wounded, were calmly hauled away by Trujillo's henchmen. Brazil pondered breaking diplomatic relations with the murderous Trujillo, as seven other Latin American nations have already done.



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PEOPLE

Two black Rolls-Royces drew up to a pier in Monaco, disgorged recently divorced Shipping Czar **Aristotle Socrates Onassis** and his great and dear friend, sulphurous Soprano **Maria Callas**, legally separated from her husband. A scarlet speedboat skittered them out to Onassis' yacht *Christina*. On the eve of sailing for Eastern Mediterranean ports, "Ari" and Maria went ashore for dinner with Monaco's Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace. Next day *Christina* steamed off across the azure waters for Capri, and from there she was bound for Venice, where Maria would presumably embark to keep a recording date in Milan, while Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were slated to come aboard.

Author **Vladimir Nabokov** was in the news in two distant lands, where his controversial novel *Lolita* was upsetting both decent and indecent folks. In New Zealand a Supreme Court judge upheld a customs ban on the book. Ruled Sir Douglas Hutchison: "With the best consideration I can give it, I think *Lolita* is aphrodisiac." A sort of proof of his contention came in Israel, where one Joseph Wahrhaftig was nabbed for behavior tending to corrupt the morals of a minor girl. Wahrhaftig recently translated *Lolita* into Hebrew.

Continuing an old French bedroom farce, Parisian Director **Roger Vadim** sadly announced that he will divorce his second wife, Danish-born Cinematress Annette Stroyberg, because she is spending all her time with Sacha Distel, the same guitar-strumming troubadour who once paid court to Vadim's first wife,



ROGER VADIM & ANNETTE STROYBERG
Old tale.

Cinemactress Brigitte Bardot. But that wasn't all: BB's current marriage to nervous Cinemactor Jacques Charrer is reported to be on the skids, and BB of late has longed aloud for Vadim.

London Barrister **Ronald Armstrong-Jones**, 61, proudly announced that in December he and third wife, Jenifer, 31, will present Princess Margaret's Antony Armstrong-Jones with a little half sister or half brother.

Holding forth as a \$10-a-performance pantomimist in a Seattle jazz joint called No Place: **William O. Douglas Jr.**, 28, son of the Supreme Court Justice. Patterning his antics after France's celebrated Mime Marcel Marceau, young Bill



Marshall Lockman-Brown
WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS JR.
No place.

was better than boring, less than soaring. His best act was titled "The Five Thousand Pound Lift," in which he applied a superhuman clean-and-jerk to a gigantic invisible object.

Seventeen years and eight Broadway musicals after their first herculean hit (*Oklahoma!*), Composer **Richard Rodgers**, 58, abandoning memorable music for heartfelt words in the New York Times Magazine, saluted his friend and partner, Librettist **Oscar Hammerstein II**, on the eve of Hammerstein's 65th birthday this week. Their mutual affection is largely unspoken: "Oscar is fond of me very fond, I think—as a man, and yet he has never even hinted vaguely at this. On the other hand, he's gone before the entire country on television and told everybody what a great person I was." Still, prying interviewers often ask what they "fight" about. "On the odd occasion when we don't agree, we resort to the old 'Al-



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Has-been.

phonse and Gaston' technique. 'Let's try it your way first and if it doesn't work then we'll try mine. It seems quite obvious that a writing collaboration differs very little from a marital one except, of course, in the obvious sense.' Their only unresolved argument: "Oscar claims that at the time of our original meeting [circa 1917] I wore short pants and I claim and still do, that I was mature enough to wear long ones."

Less than four years ago, his was the power and the glory; last week he was a has-been: **Don Larsen**, 30, who in 1956 pitched the only perfect game in World Series history for the New York Yankees against the Brooklyn Dodgers, was shipped off to the bushes. Traded by the Yankees to the Kansas City Athletics in 1959, Larsen had won 25 games, lost 22 since his big moment. He scored his last victory more than a year ago.

Attending a preview of a huge **Pablo Picasso** art show at London's famed Tate Gallery, Britain's **Prince Philip** was less than impressed by the master's protean efforts. Many newshounds, trailing Philip as he inspected the paintings and other works, distinctly heard him snicker on occasion. Beyond that, accounts varied. The London *Daily Herald* was certain that Philip had muttered: "I sometimes wonder if the customers understand it all." The *Daily Sketch* claimed to have eavesdropped on the unkindest cut of all: "It looks as if the man drinks. Does he?"

⑥ Getting Bertrand from Yankee catcher after 1956 series victory

† A virtual teetotaler, Picasso sometimes takes a little wine with meals, customarily sips water at his own champagne fiestas.



...NO WATER!

Funny thing about a water shortage in town: it makes itself known in little irksome things like a ban on swimming pools or lawn watering. But it spawns serious things, too, like higher fire insurance rates, lower real estate values, loss of local business . . . and jobs.

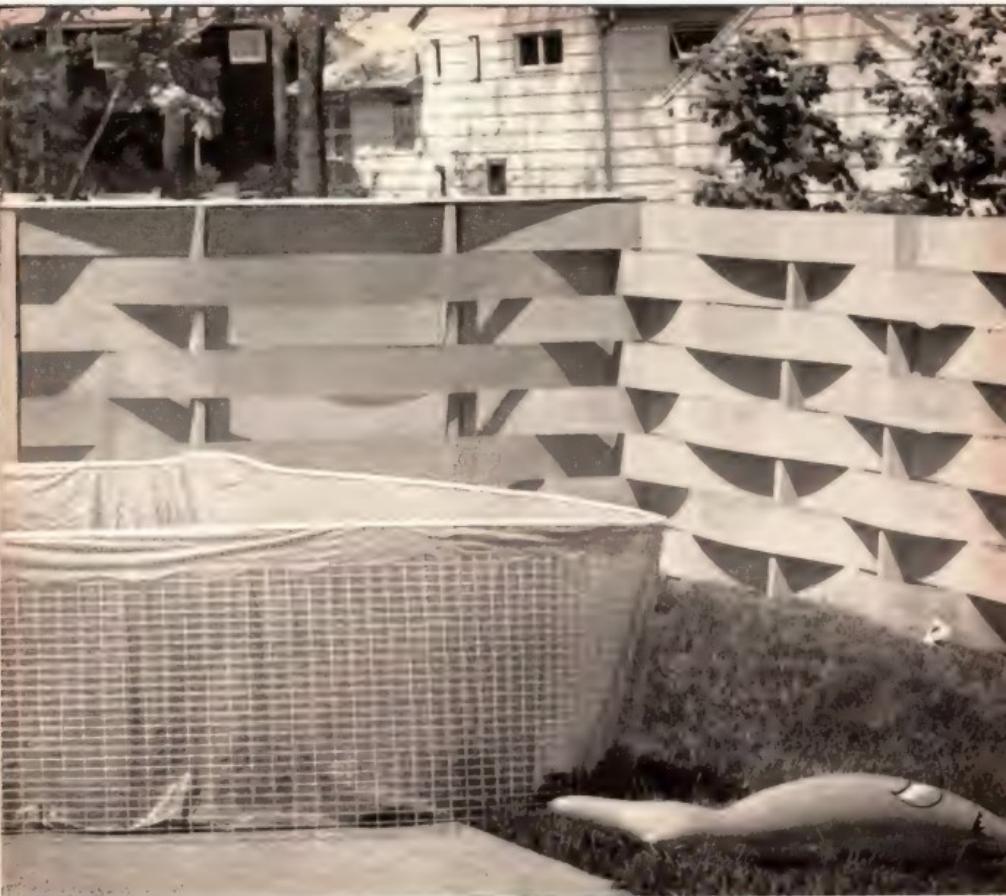
Nonetheless, more than half the towns checked in a recent U. S. survey reported a water shortage!

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE. All told, the nation today is billions of dollars behind in the construction of local water facilities. The booming, shifting post-war population caught communities by surprise . . .

unable to meet the many, continually increasing local needs for water.

ANYONE DOING ANYTHING? There were exceptions, of course . . . in such places as Phoenix, Ariz., and San Antonio, Texas. Here, alert public officials, backed by citizens' committees, studied and updated their water systems.

They created the needed reservoirs or dug wells, built treatment plants and fire protection systems, extended supply and distribution lines for homes, business and industry. In community after commu-



nity, rust-free, corrosion-resistant Johns-Manville Transite® Pipe—the white pipe made in the U.S.A.—is used to safeguard water purity and keep costs low.

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CAN YOU HELP? Your water utility deserves the careful consideration you give to other community services. You can help by understanding its problems and those of the technically trained personnel who operate it. For a better understanding of your town's water utility you'll find "Priceless Water" a useful guide. For a free copy, write: "Priceless Water," Johns-Manville, Box 14-T3, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada: Port Credit, Ontario.



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JOHNS-MANVILLE



EDUCATION

To Serve the State

Whatever else can be said about Soviet education, it serves the Communist purpose more efficiently each year. Last week Nicholas DeWitt, of Harvard's Russian Research Center, shed fresh light on a sweeping reform of the Soviet school system that is intended to put education unblinkingly at the service of the state. "The Russians were, are and will be training an army of scientists and technologists," wrote DeWitt in *School and Society*. "They want no generalists—only specialists."

Under the new system most youngsters will only get eight years of regular school, will then be sent out to work at a specialized trade. Only the brightest will be permitted to attend the Russian equivalents of high school and apply to universities. Even they will get part-time vocational training in field or factory to learn "the delights of labor"—and incidentally, hedge the state's bet on their brains. The universities and top technical institutes are so overcrowded that they can admit only about one in four secondary school graduates. Result: a potentially dangerous class of frustrated aspirants who are "useless" to the state, especially since World War II cut the Soviet birth rate so sharply that Russia faces a shortage of skilled labor throughout the 1960s.

The new scheme solves the problem neatly. It produces a bigger child-labor pool, and makes sure that everyone has a state-approved specialty. For youngsters permitted to study fulltime beyond the eighth grade, the ten-year school system is being lengthened to eleven years with the bulk of the gain in vocational training (11,454 hours), science and math (a total of 395 more hours). As for humanities,



U.S. & NIGERIAN STUDENTS BUILDING NEW ROAD IN OPERATION CROSSROADS-AFRICA
After cobras, black mambas and Little Rock, a tremendous adventure in good will.

says Expert DeWitt, "the ax will fall." There is little room for humanities in managing an industrial state.

Those who go on to universities will study as before and come pouring out as specialists at a faster rate than in the U.S. ¶ Engineers now number 974,000 in Russia and will be graduating at the rate of 125,000 every year, three times as many as the U.S. produces.

¶ Medical graduates total 383,000 (one-fourth more than the U.S.) and will come off the line at the rate of 28,000 a year, four times more than in the U.S.

¶ Schoolteachers already number 1,800,000 (4,150,000 in the U.S.), half of them in secondary schools, where 340,000 specialize in science and math. This year the U.S. produced 13,000 graduates prepared to teach high school science and math; the Russians produced 25,000.

U.S. educators dispute the quality of Soviet training in such fields. American education is superior, they argue, because it is free of the rote learning, Marxian indoctrination and pressure for applied research that characterizes Soviet schooling. Yet the U.S. is short of engineers, physicians and teachers—and Russia is not. Concludes DeWitt, noting that Russia now spends as much on education as the U.S., though it is less than half as wealthy: "We will have to do much more for the betterment of our own education before it is too late."

Working on the Crossroads

Stifling in Nigeria's rainy-season heat, the shanty-filled town of Shagamu seemed hardly the place to find 15 fresh-faced American college students. But there they were last week, and not snapping pictures of the natives from an air-conditioned bus. Up at 6 every morning, boys and girls spent the long days chopping trees and shoveling dirt to hack out a road from a school to a chapel back in the bush. In-

credulous Africans followed them everywhere; a dozen English-speaking Nigerian students worked beside them, jabbering questions about life in the U.S. Asked if religion was anything of an issue among the students, one Moslem student exclaimed: "We are too happy with one another to worry about heavenly things."

Man-Sized Jobs. The 15 American toilers in Shagamu are part of a 180-student group called Operation Crossroads-Africa, one of the most ambitious and useful summer work-camp ideas yet devised in the U.S. Chosen from 700 applicants, they come from 75 colleges of all kinds and sizes. Nearly half are girls, and the roster includes 25 Southern white students, 35 U.S. Negroes, two U.S. Indians, two Chinese-Americans and 13 Yemenis led by the university chaplain. Many of the students had scholarships to pay their expenses; those who could paid \$800, or about half the cost of the trip, which is financed by private donations and foundation grants.

Last month the group mustered in Manhattan for a week-long briefing by State Department and U.N. experts before splitting into work parties in ten West African states. Joined by African students for two months of hard labor, they live in primitive villages and tackle man-sized jobs: a youth center in Senegal, a small hospital in Cameroon, a library in Liberia. To test their changing attitudes toward Africa, a researcher from M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies has gone along to travel from group to group talking to the students: he will later return to the villages to see what lingering impression the students have made on the Africans.

Good Will on the Spot. Crossroads-Africa is the idea of Rev. James A. Robinson, Negro pastor of Harlem's Presbyterian Church of the Master, who has run interracial programs in the U.S. for 20 years. "The purpose," says he, "is to



Harvard News Office

SOVIET EXPERT DEWITT
After eighth grade, delight in labor.



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NEW JETS
AMID

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at almost the speed
of sound

This is Japan. This is Japan where beauty is calm, where color is muted, where life is serene. This is the Japan that fashions the interiors of Japan Air Lines' new Jet Couriers. The interiors of JAL's new DC-8 jets beautifully anticipate the calm beauty of Japan. The atmosphere is delightfully Japanese ... from the pine-bough pattern of a seat fabric to the symmetry of a shoji screen, from the tatami carpeting of the lounge to the chrysanthemum motif on the drapes. Here is the calm beauty of Japan, and the gracious hospitality of Japan.

as you fly high over the Pacific at almost the speed of sound. Japan Air Lines' DC-8 Jet Courier service starts on August 12 from San Francisco to Tokyo. Very soon after that, jets will begin serving all of JAL's transPacific routes to Tokyo and Hong Kong. Then the Orient will be half a delightful day away on Japan Air Lines ... just half a serene, wonderful day away on these beautiful jets, where you fly amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

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demonstrate tangibly that we are able and willing to work together, alongside our African friends." Apart from good will on the spot, the most important by-product lies in a pledge made by each participant: he must average one talk on Africa every week for a year after he returns to the U.S.

The first 60 veterans (in 1958) found plenty to talk about. In Cameroon, one group built a two-room school and a 400-seat chapel in the impoverished village of Buel. Others built a seven-room school in Ghana's remote Ashanti village of Salfo. In Sierra Leone another team dug out a village water-supply system for the hamlet of Gbendembu—and had to kill six cobras and black mambas in the process. Working with Africans, they became, as one American student said, "increasingly able to accept and respect opinion, ignoring momentarily whether we disagreed with it or not." By friendly persuasion, they were also able to deal with the anti-American notions of African students who had pictured the U.S. as a kind of coast-to-coast Little Rock. Ordinary Africans needed no persuasion. The sight of Americans swinging pickaxes in their behalf moved them to heights of hospitality. Recalls Dr. Robinson: "Sometimes people would walk 30 miles to bring us gifts of eggs, bananas, vegetables or firewood. This is really a tremendous adventure." In time, he hopes to expand the project to several thousand students.

New Horizons at Howard

The new president of Washington, D.C.'s Howard University is a man with a grand dream and a curious problem. He is Attorney James Madison Nabrit Jr., 39, dean of Howard's Law School and a major figure in the U.S. Negro's legal battle against segregation. His dream, as he takes over this month from retiring President Mordecai Johnson, 70, is to lift Howard from its present position as the nation's most important Negro University (6,507 students in ten schools and colleges) to top academic rank by anyone's standards. The trouble is that the job gets tougher all the time. One of the quirks of U.S. integration is that as discrimination wanes on white campuses, the wealthy Ivy League schools outbid Howard for able Negro students, and Howard gets increasing numbers of Southern applicants with poor preparation.

In a way, Nabrit has only himself to credit. One of seven children of an Atlanta preacher, he earned his law degree at Northwestern, then joined the Howard law faculty as a fledgling constitutional lawyer in 1936 and jumped into the battle for civil rights. Between teaching and setting up the first formal civil rights course in any U.S. law school, Nabrit argued discrimination cases in eleven states and the District of Columbia. He won major victories in getting the universities of Maryland, Oklahoma and Texas to admit Negro students, did much to abolish white primary elections in Texas. In 1954, joining Howard-trained Attorney Thurgood Marshall before the



Noel Clark—Black Star
EDUCATORS NABRIT & JOHNSON
Pushing integrated integration.

Supreme Court, Nabrit helped win the ruling against public-school segregation.

Though Howard may suffer temporarily (but not too severely: 75 major corporations recruited Howard seniors this year and all 66 engineering graduates were snapped up), President-elect Nabrit thinks he knows how to get the scholarship level up where he wants it. He is determined to press for a better academic break for Southern Negro high school students. But his main goal is a kind of reverse integration for Howard itself. Instead of holding the line to accommodate Negroes, he intends to hike standards to the point where Howard will attract top scholars of all races—be they white, yellow, brown, or black—just as Harvard and Yale do. Howard already counts 40% white enrollment in its school of social work, and it has 706 students from 43 foreign lands. Nabrit wants more of both kinds in his colleges and graduate schools. "My goal for Howard," he says, "is to lead it into its new role as a major American university, into a normal society where a man is recognized for his own value and achievement."

The idea of a great, multiracial university with roots around the world is an exciting one for both Howard and the U.S. Like Nabrit himself, who returned last week as a delegate to the International Labor Conference in Geneva for the second year in a row, Howard faculty members frequently carry out foreign technical missions, particularly in Asia and Africa. Wherever they go, from starting a new medical school in Saigon to establishing a home economics department at the University of Baroda, India, they meet Howard alumni, who know the U.S. and understand what it's trying to accomplish. The horizons are limitless, says President-elect Nabrit. "As we seek to win the friendship of uncommitted areas, Howard plays a major role."

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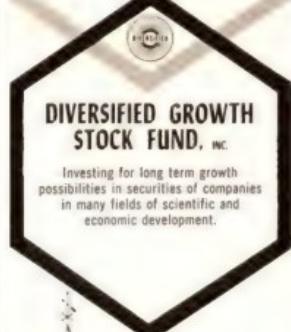
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HELEN BONFILS DAVIS
Who dares to covet . . .

The Power of a Woman

Last month, when Newspaper Publisher Samuel Newhouse bought a 15% slice of the Denver *Post*, it seemed certain that that was only the beginning. In the process of acquiring 14 newspapers, Newhouse has never been content with less than full possession, and before leaving Denver he hinted broadly that he planned eventually to own 100% of the *Post*. But Newhouse reckoned without the power—and the fury—of a woman.

That woman is Mrs. Helen Bonfils Davis, a 20% *Post* stockholder and elderly daughter of the late Frederick G. Bonfils, who with Harry H. Tammen, his partner, built the *Post* into the gaudiest and most successful daily west of the Mississippi. Before Mrs. Davis' outraged eyes, Outsider Newhouse had committed two unpardonable sins. One was to covet her father's paper, about which Mrs. Davis harbors a passionate sense of proprietorship. The other Newhouse sin was to buy his 15% from Helen's older sister, May Bonfils Stanton.

The two sisters have not been on speaking terms for years. Mrs. Davis, who takes an active interest in the *Post* and serves as its secretary-treasurer, cannot understand her sister for taking no interest at all. Thus, when May Bonfils Stanton sold her stock, Mrs. Davis took it as a personal affront.

Immediately after the deed was done, Mrs. Davis publicly swore that, if she could prevent it, Newhouse would never get another share of *Post* stock. Then she set out to prevent it. In the ensuing weeks, *Post* officers, led by Helen Bonfils Davis, approached all of the four charitable trusts that together held the outstanding 65% of the stock. Last week Mrs. Davis triumphantly announced her first success: for \$100,000, the *Post* had bought a 21% bloc from one of the four trusts.

The surprise maneuver neither guaran-

THE PRESS

teed control to Mrs. Davis nor blocked out Newhouse. He can still bid for the 44% outstanding in trusts, although the stock will now cost him more: the *Post* paid \$260 a share, \$20 more than Newhouse paid for Mrs. Stanton's 15%. But by her determined action, Helen Bonfils Davis served clear notice that Outsider Newhouse is in for a real fight.

Journey on Television

Across a rugged, rock-strewn sector of Maine seacoast, the solitary figure meandered into the camera's eye. And for the next hour, Walter Lippmann, 70, filmed both at his Maine summer home and in Washington, led a CBS television audience on a reflective journey of the world as it is seen and pondered by the dean of U.S. newspaper columnists.

Questioned by CBS's Howard K. Smith, Lippmann ranged from the nature of the U.S. presidency to the international problems of the present to the needs of the future. Coolly, almost impersonally, he criticized the presidencies of both Rep. Republican Dwight Eisenhower and Democrat Harry S. Truman. Said he of Truman: "I never thought his quick way of shooting from the hip was the way the presidency should be conducted." As for Eisenhower, said Lippmann, the President "is not aware of the nature of the world as it is after two world wars, and he's out of date." In the U.S. system of government, the "only leadership that's possible is from the White House." President Eisenhower's "training as a staff officer in the Army makes him avoid decisions. He wants his subordinate staff officers, his department heads, to come to him with agreed decisions . . . The next President will conduct the office very differently from President Eisenhower—no matter whether he's a Republican or a Democrat.



LIPPmann ON CAMERA
An intimate look at a remote man.



MAY BONFILS STANTON
. . . her father's newspaper?

It can't be conducted this way through the '60s; the problems are too severe and too urgent."

Shifting to the U.S. economy, Lippmann recommended that the country raise from 20% to 24% the share of its gross national income devoted to "public needs." Said he, in one of his less persuasive remarks: "You do not revolutionize an economy by rising from 20% to 24% . . . I think it's quite thoughtless of people who'd say, Let's have private economy—everybody buy an automobile. That's fine. But spend the money to produce the streets in which the automobile can run and park? That's terrible. That's Government spending. That's socialism. Well, of course, they haven't really thought it through."

Public Needs. What are the U.S.'s greatest and most urgent public needs? Said Walter Lippmann: "First of all, there is the national defense. It is absolutely necessary to the peace of the world that there should be no question at all that the American military arm is basically invulnerable . . . The second public need, and which is urgent, is education. We are not considering the rate of growth of the school population. We are not keeping up with it. We're falling behind . . . We are committed as a nation, and rightly so, to the mass education of a whole people."

For the U.S. to solve its problems, it must have a new sort of leadership, said Lippmann. "The thing to remember is that we're at the beginning of a new political generation. The old gentlemen, who have run the world during the war and after it, are going to retire from the stage—all of them—and the men who are going to rule, not only in this country but in the other Western democracies, are men in their 40s or early 50s."

World Prospects. In the cold war, the prospects seemed "pretty good" to Walter Lippmann—but only in the sense that he thinks it will not become a shooting

Will atomic energy power tomorrow's railroads?



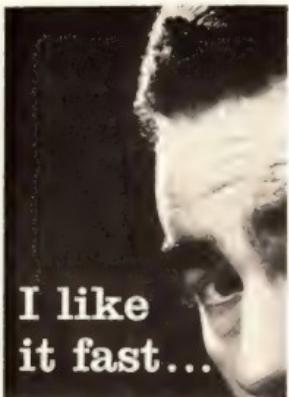
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war. "What I mean is that the Russians have become concentrated on an objective which is incompatible with war namely the development of the Soviet territory, which is one-sixth of the globe and is an enormously rich thing to develop, and that has become their great purpose. And they cannot improve their standard of life, they cannot succeed in any of the practical purposes that they have today, unless they can avoid war."

Again, Lippmann was hopeful about Russian intentions in Germany. Said he: "I don't think the Russians are out to absorb West Berlin into East Germany . . . They have two reasons. One is we won't let them do it, and therefore they cannot risk a war over that issue. But there's another reason, and that is that West Berlin would be an indigestible thing in the system of East Germany. And I think they know it."

Asked about U.S. relations with Red China, Lippmann's reply seemed remote from the facts of world life. Said he: "I think the right thing would be if they were admitted to the U.N.—on the condition that they will adhere to the agreement for nuclear testing; that could be taken as proof that they mean to be a peace-loving state, under the definitions of the United Nations—and I would hold that out to them as the price, really."

Lippmann's hour-long television debut held a fascination for the listener, giving him an intimate look at an otherwise remote man. He seemed to be playing host to an interviewer, rather than being hectored by newsmen as in TV's usual current events style. He was thus free to state, without interruption, provocative views that were quietly expressed. The effect was to emphasize the Olympian detachment that is Lippmann's special quality, a worried observer of events but not a participant in them, a man who speaks of urgency but believes basically that time will heal all.

Pastorate of the Press

When Adon Taft goes to church, someone is forever mistaking him for the minister. The error is understandable because Taft looks and acts like one. He is tall, deacon-grave, bespectacled, soft-spoken; above his generous brow, from which the hair is steadily receding, there sometimes seems to hover a nimbus of reflected light. He neither smokes nor drinks, goes to church 200 times a year, is married to a church organist, and reads the Scriptures to his two young daughters. Taft's calling is not spiritual, except at one remove. Adon Taft, 34, is a working newsman and one of the nation's best in his field: he is religion editor of the *Miami Herald* (circ. 275,000).

To a branch of journalism rarely distinguished either for professional merit or piety, Taft brings a full measure of both. Church affairs are thoroughly chronicled; the *Herald* has the largest religious news section of any nondenominational newspaper in the U.S. Taft conscientiously audits as many as five sermons a week, attends all important religious confer-



Lynn Feltz
RELIGION EDITOR TAFT
Piety and professional merit.

ences, reports every church mortgage-burning.

More than Sectarian. He also peers a sharp eye for stories of more than sectarian interest. After Ellen Severson was chosen Miss Miami Beach last year, Taft put her on the church page—in her role as organist and Sunday school teacher at Miami's Palmetto Presbyterian Church. When a phony evangelist named Jack Coe came to town, Taft exposed him, harvested 10,000 letters from readers—mostly grateful—and had the rich satisfaction of seeing Coe hastily strike his revival tent. Taft keeps running track of two Dade County lawsuits challenging a state law that requires public-school teachers to hold morning devotionals and read the Bible to their pupils; Taft strongly and publicly endorses it.

A lifelong Baptist, Taft started on the *Herald* as a copy boy in 1949, served as polo editor for a spell, and worked several other mundane beats before getting his present assignment seven years ago. Most newsmen consigned to the church department have a tendency to groan. Taft accepted his new post as a serious challenge and a solemn responsibility.

More than a Job. In the years since, he has earned the respect not only of Miami churchmen but, more important, of *Herald* editors and *Herald* readers. The paper has gradually expanded religious coverage from one Saturday page to at least two, also carries a Taft column on synagogues every Friday, another column, "A Stranger Goes to Church," on Mondays, and regularly uses Taft stories in other weekday editions. Says *Herald* Managing Editor George Beebe: "We didn't realize what a religion beat meant until Adon took the job. Our church pages are as bright and lively as any in the paper."

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MEDICINE

Battling Cancer by Infusion

Any number of chemicals will kill cancer cells, but the vast majority destroy normal cells just as readily and are therefore worthless. One of the most ingenious ways to get around this has been devised by Dr. Robert D. Sullivan of Manhattan's VA Hospital and Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. The problem is that it may take days of continuous treatment to knock out all the rapidly reproducing cancer cells. In that time, the drug will kill so many normal cells that the patient's life may be threatened. Why not, asked Dr. Sullivan, give the drug continuously by arterial drip, but switch off its damaging effects every few hours by injecting an antidote?

Last week the novel method was under hopeful study in both the U.S. and far-away Africa. The drug Dr. Sullivan and his colleagues chose was Methotrexate, because it has a handy, harmless and effective antagonist in folic acid, also known as CF, for citrovorum factor. At Memorial and other hospitals, they have tried the combination on a score of patients with cancer confined to the head, where a high concentration of the drug could be infused through a single artery in the neck. In many cases the cancers shrank rapidly, and one man is disease-free after two courses of treatment, 18 and ten months ago. Yet all the team's U.S. patients had already been treated by surgery or radiation, which confused the picture. The doctors wanted to find cancer victims who had had no other treatment and for whom none was possible. The place suggested the African Research Foundation,^o was

* Its honorary but active and hard-working chairman: the Viceroy Khan

in and around Kenya, where cancer of the head, cervix and liver is common and medical care is scarce.

By Plane & by Foot. Early this year, the Manhattan doctors started treating 24 Africans from remote parts of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. Most of the patients traveled to Nairobi and Kampala, some by hospital plane, others by ambulance or on shanks' mare, barefoot. They represented more than a dozen tribes; some spoke languages so obscure that a series of three interpreters was needed. More than half the patients had cancer of some kind in the head; but seven had cancer of the cervix, one of the greatest killers of African women.

Assisted by local surgeons, the doctors treated sinus cancer by cutting into the external carotid artery, inserting a thin polyethylene tube, and stitching it in place. They hooked this up to an infusion bottle and a pump, which delivered a quart of saline solution every 24 hours. So potent is the drug that this volume contained only one six-hundredth of an ounce of Methotrexate. Every six hours, a nurse gave an intramuscular injection of CF. For women with cervical cancer, polyethylene tubes are set in arteries on both sides of the lower abdomen.

Encouraging Results. The confining treatment lasted an average of five to seven days, and the patients took it stoically. If mouth ulcers or other unfavorable side effects appeared in three or four days, treatment was interrupted, but then repeated, until in some cases the patients spent as long as 13 days on round-the-clock infusion.

One of the most encouraging cases was a Jalo woman of 35 whose cervix had been replaced by a fast-growing cancer mass. In four courses of treatment, totaling 13 days, the cancer shrank progressively. Within a month it disappeared. Now, more than four months after treatment, she is well, and apparently has no cancer remaining. To be on the safe side, the surgeons planted the outer ends of the polyethylene tubes under her skin so that they can easily resume treatment if it becomes necessary.

Last week, with more patients under treatment by Kenya Surgeons Michael Wood and John K. Duffi, and Kampala Surgeon Richard Trussell, U.S.-African doctors were trying to find what other forms of cancer would yield to the promising new technique.

Shoshin Beriberi

Beriberi is a deficiency disease (lack of vitamin B₁), commonest among Orientals, who eat polished rice, and Western alcoholics, who eat next to nothing. The Japanese have described an acute form of the disease, which kills suddenly by causing the heart to collapse; they call it *shoshin* (from *sho*, acute damage, and *shin*, heart). Now West meets East as two Detroit doctors report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that *shoshin*



Tommy Weber

MANHATTAN'S DR. SULLIVAN
An antidote in time.

beriberi may kill U.S. alcoholics, too.

A woman of 37 was admitted to Detroit Receiving Hospital because she could hardly breathe. A bizarre symptom was the cyanosis of her hands and feet: it ended so abruptly at the wrists and ankles that she might have been wearing blue gloves and socks. This indicated heart damage. The doctors gave her all the heart stimulants they could think of, but within eleven hours she died. It turned out that she had been on the bottle (and off food) for three weeks. Post-mortem examination showed a heart so damaged by beriberi as to induce *shoshin*.

The condition need not be fatal. Drs. Paul L. Wolf and Murray B. Levin suggest. A few months later they suspected beriberi in a man of 54, and added massive doses of B₁ to the battery of drugs they gave him. His heart was saved. *Shoshin* beriberi, they conclude, deserves more attention in the U.S.

Snowman Heart

Another unusual heart condition was reported last week. Among the anomalies that may develop in the unborn child is one where the veins which should lead oxygenated blood from the lungs to the left side of the heart are hooked up incorrectly and pump it back into the right side. Difficult to detect, the condition used to be untreatable, and usually caused death before age 20. Now, with the aid of heart-lung machines, it can be corrected. Writing in the A.M.A. *Journal* of a case at Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital, Drs. Richard L. Golden and Charles A. Bertrand try to avoid the technical designation of "total anomalous pulmonary venous connection." They call the condition simply "snowman heart." Who coined the term is unclear, but it is especially apt. In the X ray, the enlarged, misshapen heart casts a distinctive white shadow shaped like a snowman.



CANCER PATIENT IN KENYA
A drug round the clock.

MUSIC

Ballet by Boccaccio

Published 500 years ago "as an aid and comfort to women in love," Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron* reputedly contains every basic plot ever written. It has provided aid and comfort for novelists, short story writers, dramatists, Hollywood and TV hacks. Now Boccaccio has been set to the dance. At Italy's Nervi Festival, Russian-born Choreographer Leonide Massine last week presented the première of his *Human Comedy*, a three-hour interpretation of nine of Boccaccio's lustiest tales.

Set to 14th century melodies orchestrated by Composer Claude Arrieu, *Comedy* combined humor, poetry, drama and sex in lurid mixture. Some of the sequences were unabashedly bawdy: an aged fool heaves over a medieval chamber pot is lured into bed by a seductive young thing who promptly decamps with the old man's clothes and money. Some were queasily off-color: a visiting sultan caresses a "lovely young boy" only to discover a female under the fabric. One of the most famous of the tales had to do with the scholar who revenged himself on the lady who deceived him by luring her naked to the top of a tower and leaving her there to be broiled by the sun and chewed by the mosquitoes. For his ballet corps from 15 countries, Massine, 64, recruited as many married male dancers as possible on the theory that "married men are more convincing when they make love on stage." During the five months of rehearsals, he insisted on demonstrating each step to the dancers, with a pince-nez perched on the end of his nose and his head shielded from the Italian sun by a black umbrella.

Against abstract sets resembling medi-

eal stained glass, the Nervi dancers last week reeled off their figures in the feverish, exuberant style of such post-classical Massine creations as *Fantasy at Grand Hotel*. Predictably, the crowd-stoppers were the sexy numbers, so torrid that the Festival Committee had at first been threatened by the censor with an undulating dance by an all-but-nude ballerina waiting for the arrival of her lover; a passionate embrace in the course of which two lovers move across the stage in angular jetés. The best dancing was provided by young Italian Ballerina Carla Fracci (TIME, Feb. 22), who gave a moving, superbly disciplined portrayal of a grieving girl. The whole thing ended with an epilogue demonstrating that for all the Boccaccian low jinks, virtue triumphs after all. Somewhat baffled critics round *comedy* "monumental" and an "extraordinary spectacle," but the highest praise came from Massine himself. Said he: "I've done a miracle."

We Are All Students

The most exciting chamber music recitals in the U.S. originate in a wooden box in a small, white clapboard cottage in Vermont. Into the box go requests for performances of everything from Mozart to Schoenberg; out of the box come twice-weekly concerts played in a converted cow barn by some of the world's most famed and gifted instrumentalists. Last week the barn echoed to Beethoven's *Sextet in E-Flat*, Martini's *Three Madrigals for Violin and Viola* and Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5*. Occasion: a concert at Vermont's Marlboro Festival, now celebrating its tenth season.

The festival was born in the minds of Pianist Rudolf Serkin, Flutist Marcel Moyse and the late violinist Adolf Busch.



Photo: Gamma
SERKIN AT MARLBORO
In the barn, great echoe.

All three were living near the nearly deserted hamlet of Marlboro, the entrance to which is designated by a crudely painted sign: "Cows in Road." In 1950 they were approached by tiny Marlboro College (50 students), which had been established in 1947 on 600 acres of deserted farm land on Marlboro's Potash Hill, and offered the use of the college's buildings for summer musical events. Serkin saw a chance to set up the kind of musical community he had dreamed of for years—a place where instrumentalists could play together, free of normal concert pressures. For his "Republic of Equals," Serkin decided to have no faculty in the normal sense ("We are all students") and no formal course of instruction. Instead, the 60-odd instrumentalists who attend Marlboro every summer pay \$500 apiece for their six-week stay, split up into informal quartets, quintets, or chamber orchestras, depending on what music they want to play. The public concerts are never planned more than a day or two in advance, consist of pieces the resident musicians have chosen by putting their nominations in the suggestion box.

Over the years, many of the big names in music have turned up at Marlboro. Last week all 17 practice rooms were occupied every day. In the new dormitory Baritone Martial Singer worked on Berlioz' *Villanelle* with a group of operatic hopefuls. In another cottage, Pianist Claude Frank discussed with Violinist Zvi Zeitlin how to weave the frail melodies of the strings with the fluttering piano passages of Gabriel Fauré's *Piano Quartet No. 1*. Violinist Alexander ("Sasha") Schneider ran through a set of Beethoven sonatas with Artistic Director Serkin's twelve-year-old son Peter, at the piano. And in the pine-paneled concert hall, Pablo Casals, 84, conducted a chamber orchestra in Mozart's *G-Minor Symphony*, using a yellow pencil as a baton, spurring



Photo: Leonide
SCENE FROM MASSINE'S "HUMAN COMEDY"
In love, married men are more convincing.

on his men and himself with cries of "Oh, very well, very well! So beautiful!"

For all its popularity with musicians, Marlboro winds up in the red every year. Nevertheless, Director Serkin refuses either to make his school more commercial or shift it to a more accessible location. "If anything," says he, "we will be more selective in the future." Just a Republic of Equals on the hilltop and perhaps a cow or two in the road.

Newport Blues

*It's a gloomy day at Newport
It's a gloomy, gloomy day
The music's going away.*

When Jazz Impresario George Wein heard these lines, hastily composed by Poet Langston Hughes last week, he "bawled like a baby." Most of the backers of the Newport Jazz Festival bawled with him. When the biggest jazz bash in the country was closed down in the wake of drunken rioting, with 12,000 college students finally tamed by the state police, National Guard and the U.S. Marines, the backers figured to lose \$150,000 in advance ticket sales, not to mention the festival's glamorous name.

By week's end Wein & Co. were singing a sprightlier tune. Performing jazzmen and local merchants were not pressing for their bills, ticket holders might be refunded with jazz albums instead of cash, and so it looked as if the festival would just about break even. While power shovels scooped heaps of beer cans off the streets, talk about permanent cancellation ("This means the end of the Newport Jazz Festival," Founder Louis L. Lorillard had said in the dark weekend hours) had all but disappeared.

The brightest note at Newport was sounded by a rebel group of modern jazzmen who launched their own competing festival in a rambling seaside hotel, Cliff Walk Manor. Headed by Bass Player Charlie Mingus and Drummer Max Roach, the rebels played right through the riotous weekend, drew 750 people on Sunday night, grossed \$4,700. With the encouragement of Louis Lorillard's divorced wife Elaine, they made plans to form their own Jazz Artists' Guild, and to sell tapes of their concerts, which eventually may appear on four LPs under the title *Rebellion at Newport*. The cool rebels, including such top modern jazzmen as Roy Eldridge, Jo Jones, Ornette Coleman and Coleman Hawkins, hope to appear at Manhattan's Village Gate, tour the country next winter, return in triumph to Newport next year.

Even without the riots, the rebels feel, the old-style Newport Festival was doomed—it was too big, too square and too interested in box office instead of music. Even if the festival is revived next year, it will hardly be the same again. Langston Hughes summed it up:

*I got to keep up singing
Though I got the Newport blues . . .
Those sad, bud Goodbye Newport
blues.*

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SPORT

Whatever It Takes

His handsome, ebony face lined with strain and bathed with sweat, Rafer Johnson collapsed wearily on a folding chair at the University of Oregon's track field last Saturday. "It's ridiculous," he muttered. "The whole thing's ridiculous." The 4,500 cheering spectators sympathized—but disagreed. In his first competitive fling at the decathlon—among the most grueling of all sports events—since he injured his back in an automobile accident last year Johnson had just turned in the greatest individual performance in modern track history. In last week's Olympics decathlon trials, Johnson amassed 8,683 points and eclipsed by a fantastic 326 points the world record, set in 1959 by Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov. To do it, Johnson had to beat the best decathlon field ever. Seven men scored more than 7,000 points, and Nationalist China's C. K. Yang, a student at U.C.L.A. and the 1959 U.S. champion, also bettered Kuznetsov's record by 60 points.

Johnson was superb. On the first day, he ran the 100-meter dash in 10.6 sec., broad-jumped 24 ft. 9 in., put the shot 52 ft., high-jumped 5 ft. 10 in., and ran the 400 meters in 48.6 sec. Next day, he returned to spring the 110-meter high hurdles in 14.5 sec., hurl the discus 170 ft. 6 in. (almost 10 ft. farther than he had ever thrown it before), pole-vault 13 ft. 1 in., throw the javelin 233 ft. 3 in., and run 1,500 meters in 5 min. 9.9 sec. Yet even though Rafer Johnson had broken Kuznetsov's ten-event record after only nine events, Johnson's victory was still in doubt. C. K. Yang had not yet run his 1,500-meter heat; a time of 4 min. 34.8 sec. would earn him enough points to beat Johnson. As the heat started, Yang, terribly tired, faltered and fell back. Johnson, watching from the sidelines, leaped to his feet, dashed to the edge of the track and, in a memorable display of sportsmanship, shouted, "Keep going, Yang. Keep going." As Yang staggered toward the finish, Johnson urged him on, grabbed him as he crossed the line (in 5 min. 9.3 sec.), walked him solicitously around the field.

Poite and articulate, Johnson graduated last year from U.C.L.A., where he is now seeking a master's degree in physical education. As an undergraduate he was a straight B student, president of the student body, a star basketball player. Johnson, 24, hopes to work for the U.S. State Department: "I want to travel, meet people, teach them physical education, show them how we live in America." But in the meantime, he has only one concern: the 1960 Olympics. Says Johnson: "I'm prepared to win—whatever that takes." After last week's performance, few doubted he would. Said Oregon's Track Coach Bill Bowerman: "I don't think anyone doubts for a minute that Rafer Johnson is the best athlete in the world."

The Fateful 17th

The 17th hole on St. Andrews' hal-lowed, fishhook-shaped Old Course is one of the world's great golfing tests, a 463-yd., par five, whose hazards include a deeply trapped green, a stone wall, a road, and a cluster of barns that mask the green from the tee. Arnold Palmer of Latrobe, Pa., whose flaming finishes won this year's Masters and U.S. Open tournaments, is the world's best golfer, one who could be expected to handle even the "Road Hole." Last week in the British Open, Palmer and the Road Hole fought a tense four-day duel. Palmer mastered the famed 17th—but not until after it had cost him his chance for golfing's grand slam in 1960.

On opening day Palmer arrived at the 17th needing only one birdie for a four-under-par 69, which would have put him



JOHNSON HIGH-JUMPING



PUTTING THE SHOT

BROAD-JUMPING
Photo © 2. Zimmerman/Sports Illustrated



LOSER PALMER
Too late.

in second place, two strokes behind Mexico's Roberto de Vicenzo. Charging for his birdie, Palmer overstroked his first putt; it ran 7 ft. past the cup. Normally a coldly precise putter, Palmer lost his poise, missed his return, and ended the round with 70. Next day Palmer again three-putted the 17th, and his score of 71 dropped him seven strokes behind De Vicenzo, five behind Australia's balding Kelvin Nagle. Tense and disgusted, Palmer stalked off the course, packed his family in a car, drove deep into the Scottish countryside.

Bugaboo. He returned for the next day's scheduled 36-hole round determined to put on another of his dramatic finishes. During his first nine, jet planes screamed overhead. From the 8th through the 12th, Palmer slogged his way through a heavy



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cloudburst, which later forced postponement of the last 18. At the 15th, as he was addressing the ball, a train puffed and tooted past; on the 16th fairway, Palmer was attacked by an angry bee. Despite the distractions, Palmer played almost flawless golf. He birdied the 2nd, 5th, 13th and 14th, and ran up an unbroken string of 16 threes and fours. Then came the Road Hole. A booming drive left Palmer with an easy iron approach to the pin. Turning to his caddy, Palmer asked "What should I use now?" The caddy suggested a five iron. The shot fell short, and Palmer found his ball nestled in a grassy dip on the front edge of the green. Muttering to himself, Palmer three-putted, fumed to a bogey on the 18th, wound up with a 70. "That 17th," he said angrily. "It's a bugaboo."

Doggone. Still four strokes behind Australia's Nagle at the end of the final day's first nine holes, Arnold Palmer summoned his strength for a last-ditch effort. He birdied the 13th, gained a stroke. As Nagle faltered, Palmer came to the Road Hole—and overshot the green with his second stroke. But he pitched back to within 4 ft. of the pin, calmly canned his putt—for—at long last—a birdie.

Arnold Palmer had conquered the fateful Road Hole, but it was too late. Steady Kel Nagle held on to win the 1960 British Open by a single stroke. Said Palmer later: "I blew it on that doggoned 17th."

The Wildest Pitcher

The hardest thrower in organized baseball is Steve Dalkowski Jr., a sturdy left-hander who pitches for the Stockton Ports in the Class C California League. The wildest pitcher in baseball is also Steve Dalkowski Jr.—and as such he has, at 21, already become legendary.

Dalkowski seems pure fiction. In four years with six clubs in six minor leagues he has struck out 665 batters, walked 756, thrown as many as six wild pitches in a row, broken one hitter's arm, torn the lobe off another's ear, and sent an unsuspecting umpire to the hospital with a stray fastball that popped him flush on the mask, knocked him 18 ft. chest pad over whisk broom. At Aberdeen, S. Dak., in 1958, Dalkowski pitched a one-hitter and lost, 9 to 8. Against Reno's Silver Sox this summer, he whiffed 16, still lost, 8 to 4.

Dalkowski's father, a vocational buffer in an electric-tool plant in New Britain, Conn., and an avocational baseball buff, trained Steve for the outfield. But the boy tried pitching in high school, quickly caught the strike-out bug. Says Dalkowski: "I didn't win, but when I got the ball over the plate, it was fun to watch them swing." Signed by the Baltimore Orioles after graduation in 1957, Steve joined a rookie farm club in Kingsport, Tenn. "I remember my record," he recalls, "because it was so even: 121 strike-outs and 129 walks." But at Kingsport, Dalkowski earned a trip to the Orioles' spring training camp with an incredible performance: 24 strike-outs in a single game, despite the fact that he failed to last the full nine innings. Against the Cin-

cinnati Reds in an exhibition game, Dalkowski hurled the ninth inning, struck out the side on only twelve pitches. But he was so wild that Oriole hitters disappeared when Dalkowski took his turn pitching, batting practice. Explains Stockton Manager Billy DeMars: "They were career men, and they didn't want to wreck their careers through foolish bravery."

End of a Legend? Back in the minors, Dalkowski labored nervously while a succession of anxious managers concocted bizarre schemes to improve his accuracy. They tried pitching him only 15 ft. from the plate, gradually lengthening the distance, only to discover that Dalkowski's wildness increased in direct ratio to the distance. A wooden target was erected in the bullpen; Dalkowski missed it completely on his first few pitches, then hit it square, smashed it to splinters and ended the experiment. "One night during a game," recalls Steve, "I threw three hard ones over the catcher's head. Each



STEVE DALKOWSKI

Look out for that ear lobe!

ball went through the wire screen. Next night I was warming up near the screen. A fan stood up. 'Hey, Dalkowski,' he hollered. 'You pitching tonight?' I said it looked that way, and he muttered. 'Then I'm getting the hell out of here—and I'm taking my kids with me.'"

At Stockton last week, Steve Dalkowski was midway through his best season, with six wins and ten losses. He was leading the league in strike-outs, with 170—and, of course, in walks, with 162. Manager DeMars was almost hopeful. Said DeMars: "If I could sit in a chair behind the pitcher's mound and just tell him not to get nervous, he'd be a major leaguer right now." As for Steve Dalkowski, he wanted only to live down his own legend. "It's no picnic," he said, "watching every other batter walk to first."



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SCIENCE

The Last Words of Pioneer V

In a quiet White House visit last week, an English scientist delivered a memorable report: Radio-Astronomer A.C.B. (for Alfred Charles Bernard) Lovell, director of Britain's Jodrell Bank station, told President Eisenhower about the historic last days of the U.S.'s Pioneer V man's most successful deep space probe. Pioneer's tiny five-watt radio transmitter had been designed to send messages until the probe was 5,000,000 miles away from the earth. Instead it kept sending and sending, getting its power from the solar cells on the probe's four "paddles." The 250-ft. radio telescope at Jodrell Bank kept listening. On June 26, Pioneer V sent a last six-minute message, bravely reporting the cosmic conditions around it. At that moment it was 22,402,740 miles from earth. Then the 94.5-lb. probe, on the 106th day of its journey, was swallowed forever by space.

Truth About Knossos?

One of the most fascinating chapters of ancient history tells about the fabled island of Crete, whose rulers were thalassocrats (lords of the sea) and whose beautiful, bare-breasted priestesses romped in arenas with sacred bulls. Most history books state that the Cretan sea-kingdom, whose capital was Knossos, brought Egyptian and Asian civilization to the then-savage shores of Greece. This theory was largely the work of Oxford Professor Sir Arthur Evans, who excavated Knossos in 1900-05. Sir Arthur died in 1941 at the age

of 90, a revered figure in archaeology, but last week he was the center of a furious controversy, accused of archaeological fraud to support Cretan glories.

Play-by-Play. Sir Arthur's accuser was Professor Leonard R. Palmer, 54, an Oxford philologist whose passion is "digging about and taking a language to pieces." While trying to take to pieces the undeciphered written language of ancient Crete, he became suspicious of Sir Arthur's belief that Knossos was "the most ancient center of civilized life in Greece and with it, of our whole continent." Palmer found what he considered evidence that the stream of culture ran from mainland Greece to Crete—not the other way around.

For years Palmer mulled over these matters, reading all available documents and even visiting Greece and Crete for first-hand looks. Early this year he went to Oxford's Ashmolean Museum, of which Sir Arthur had been director, and asked to see his notes. The librarian took him to a basement cupboard where most of the Evans papers were stored. Digging deep, he came upon a ten-volume, richly illustrated daybook giving a meticulous play-by-play account of Sir Arthur's excavation of Knossos. It was written by Duncan Mackenzie, a redhaired Scotsman whom Sir Arthur had hired as his assistant.

On the Floor. Here was treasure indeed. Professor Palmer delved into the daybook, soon found an item that raised his academic hackles. According to Sir Arthur, the great palace at Knossos was destroyed about 1400 B.C. After that date it was occupied and partially rebuilt by "squatters" from the mainland, whose culture was far below the true Cretan level. The theory depended on Sir Arthur's claim that he found jars of squatter type in a room whose clay floor covered tablets written in Cretan script. This proved, he said, that early, literate Cretans had been superseded by comparatively crude invaders from mainland Greece. But according to Duncan Mackenzie's entry for Tuesday, May 8, 1900, the tablets were found on top of the floor on the same level as the squatter jars, and therefore they must date from the same period. It looked as if Sir Arthur, to support his theory that Cretan culture is older than Greek, had rejiggered his assistant's records.

In the academic world, such a charge could only cause a storm. Palmer searched his soul before he reported his findings last month in a lecture at the University of London's Institute of Classical Studies. From there, the controversy spread to the mossy purleus of British universities. Then London's Sunday *Observer* (circ. over 700,000) heard about it and asked Professor Palmer to state his iconoclastic views.

Palmer reluctantly agreed to write the story, carefully avoiding any direct accusations against Evans. But the *Observer* edited much more emphasis into his article. His mild title, "Minoans and Greeks," was changed to "The Truth About Knossos." A front page news story, which



PHILOLOGIST PALMER

Which way did culture flow?

Palmer had never seen, declared: "Knossos findings misrepresented—archeological sensation."

In vain Palmer protested that the *Observer* had done him wrong. Archaeologists and philologists assailed him from all sides. Surviving friends came valiantly to Sir Arthur's defense. "My eye!" said Sir John Forsdyke, onetime director of the British Museum. "If there had been any jiggery-pokery, subsequent investigation would have been bound to reveal it."

Palmer explained that he does not accuse Sir Arthur of deliberate misrepresentation, only of the self-deception of old age. But he still insists that the evidence of Duncan Mackenzie's daybook is plain for all to see. It shows, he says, that the Cretans of 1400 B.C. must have got their culture from the Greek mainland. That culture did not die, as Sir Arthur claimed, when the mainlanders came to Crete.

How to Make Chlorophyll

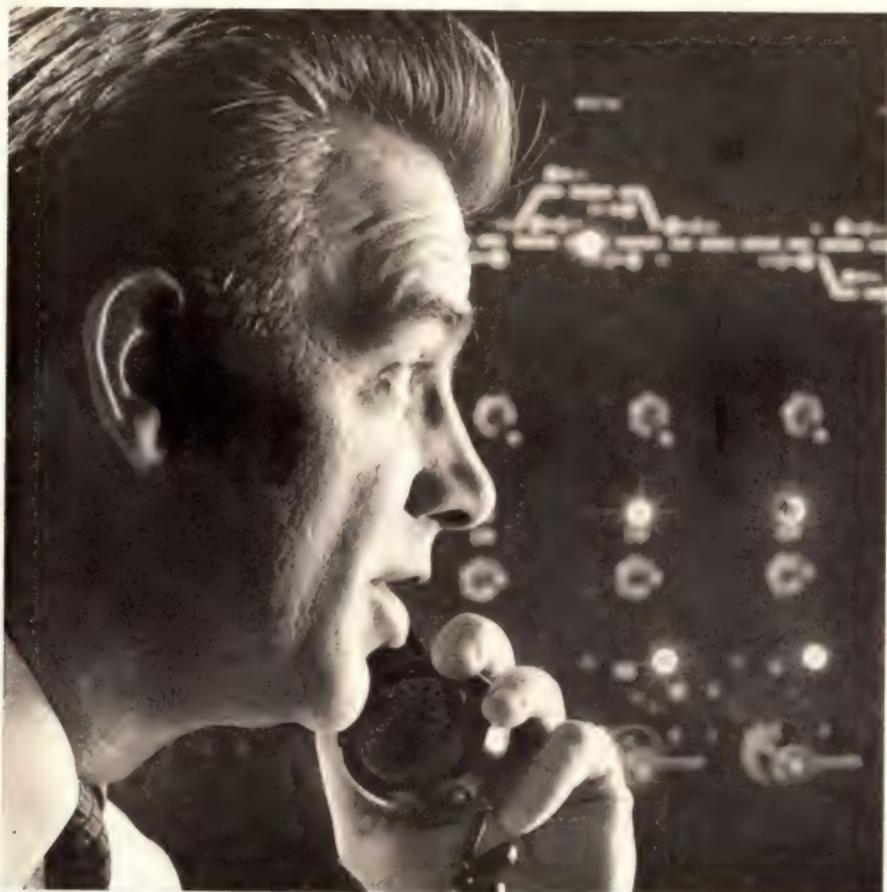
Scientists have known for almost two centuries that plants, in one of nature's most mysterious processes, use sunlight to make sugar, fats and other high-energy chemicals out of water and carbon dioxide. They have known for more than one century that this vital food-making process—photosynthesis, the prime mover of life on earth—is accomplished by chlorophyll, a strange, green substance whose molecule has a single atom of magnesium framed like a jewel in its center. Generations of chemists have tried to synthesize chlorophyll—and failed. But last week Harvard University announced that Professor Robert Burns Woodward, 43, already famed for synthesizing quinine, cortisone and strichnine, had turned the historic trick: he had built genuine chlorophyll-a, the kind that green plants use, out of simple, everyday chemicals.

Woodward's starting point was acetoacetic ester, a very ordinary chemical,



Ashmolean, Oxford

ARCHAEOLOGIST EVANS
Was there some jiggery-pokery?



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HARVARD'S WOODWARD
The skeleton was green.

which was then broken into four different compounds called pyrroles. Then followed what Woodward calls "tailoring the framework"—meaning that he and his 17 helpers devised subtle chemical tricks to put together the skeleton of the chlorophyll molecule and add the atom groups that clothe it. The final step, and one of the most difficult, was to separate chlorophyll-a (the real McCoy) from its mirror image, which was also produced by the synthesis.⁶

So far, Woodward has made only a smidgen of chlorophyll-a. It is authentic—but it cannot turn water and CO₂ into sugar when exposed to the sun. This is hardly surprising. In the green leaves of plants, chlorophyll occurs as thin plates stacked up to form laminated disks. This intricate structure and a lot of accessory chemicals seem to be needed for chlorophyll to do its job. But in his achievement, Harvard's Woodward has almost certainly taken a long stride toward explaining photosynthesis—one of nature's innermost and most important secrets.

For those who care to try it themselves, the best sentence of Woodward's seven-page description of the synthesis, as reported to the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, reads:^{7,8}

2-(*B*-Dicyanovinyl-1,3-dimethyl-4-ribitylperoxy) was converted by sulfonyl chloride in acetic acid at 45° to 2-(*B*-Dicyanovinyl-1-methyl-4-ethyl-chloromethylvinyl)aceton. On heating, and then by condensation with 1-carboxyethoxy-1-methylpropane in hot aqueous ethanol, hydrochloric acid to 2',4-dimethyl-1-ethyl-1-hydroxyhexano-3-(dicyanovinyl)dipropylmethane (mp. 102–102.5°), which, with *B*-carboxymethoxybenzoyl chloride in chlorobenzene in the presence of anhydrous zinc chloride, gave 1',4-dimethyl-1-ethyl-1'-carboxethoxy-2'-(*B*-dicyanovinyl)-5'-(*B*-carboxymethoxybenzoyl)dipropylmethane (mp. 134–135).

[†] The so-called chlorophyll in toothpaste, chewing gum, etc., alleged to deodorize the breath is a chemically altered natural extract, usually copper chlorophyllin.

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THE JUKEBOX

Not Too Near the Water

In Stanza 1, the girl is "afraid to come out of the locker," and by Stanza 2, she has a blanket around her and is "bundled up on the shore. Somehow, she manages to immerse herself before the outset of Stanza 3, which finds her "afraid to come out of the water, for none of the reasons that come most readily to mind. It's simply that she is embarrassed by her

Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini

That she wore for the first time today

An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini.

So in the water, she wanted to stay.

Cut four weeks ago, the record is more or less sung by Brian Hyland, 16, a hitherto unpublicized and untrained singer from Queens, who was "discovered" last year by a talent agent who heard him singing in the lobby of Manhattan's Brill Building, headquarters of Tin Pan Alley. *Itsy Bitsy* has already sold 600,000 copies.



MISS UNIVERSE & PREDECESSOR
Some itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny tricks.

is all over the jukeboxes. TV and radio, in fact all over everything except the poor little unnamed girl in the song.

As usual, life imitated art: bathing suits last week agitated the U.S. scene far beyond the realm of the jukebox.

¶ The fate of the bikini in the U.S. hung by one string. Despite a major sales campaign, Manhattan stores reported that customers were buying bikinis only for wear in semi-seclusion—penthouse terraces, backyards—but that men were trying to persuade their wives or girl friends to try bikinis in a wider variety of landscapes. Nonetheless, models and Europeans continued to be the stores' best sort

of bikini customers. The forbidding breath of Salem could still be felt on most American beaches.

¶ Wearing suits more substantial—and more deceiving—than teeny-weeny bikinis, 87 entrants turned up in Miami last week for the ninth Miss Universe contest. In some cases the bathing suits were too substantial, for, driven by hopes of TV and film contracts, some girls would not stop at nothing—since they had nothing to begin with. At least half were caught with extra added attractions, and what had looked like 36-23-36 was really an unfalsified 23-23-23. From Rangoon's Myint Myint May (Miss Burma) to Utah's Linda Bement (Miss U.S.A.), the girls posed endlessly in the Miami sun, gorged U.S. newspapers with grilled cheese. At week's end, Miss U.S.A. was the winner.

THEATER ABROAD

The Perils of Irene

She served enough coffee to keep Rip van Winkle awake and nervous till the end of time. Working Riker's, Cord's and other short-order, all-night stands in Manhattan, she was a competent waitress, but often she served people with her face turned aside. Once when a group of actors came in, she fled to the basement, hid and wept—for Irene Dailey really considered herself an actress.

Last week, Broadway actors in and out of employment were remembering Irene, whose scarred and overscarred acting career, after more than 30 futile years, had finally burst into flame in a foreign city. Giving a memorable performance in a new London play called *Tomorrow—With Pictures*, she is identified as a "queen bitch," an American woman who wants to conquer a British newspaper empire. Much of the battle is won on the playing sheets of Kensington. But in the end, she loses the spoils and has nothing.

"Every plummy-voiced English rose of an imitation actress should be dragged by the hair to see Miss Dailey," wrote Critic Bernard Levin in the *Daily Express*. "She sweats love, breathes hate weeps desire." The *Times* catalogued her as "a fully-fledged, Swinburnian femme fatale. Wrote the *Daily Mail's* Robert Muller: "The performance will wipe the smirk off the faces of those who scoff at the school of psychological interpretation known as the Method. It is theatrical magic."

Vaudeville & Lampshades. Her voice today sounds like gravel dripping onto a kettle drum; her teeth have been capped four times; her tall, big-boned frame suggests the rambling form of her older brother, Dan Dailey. Their late father, manager of Manhattan's Roosevelt Hotel, had some objections to Irene's theatrical ambitions, but neither he nor anyone else could have checked them. At eight she was dancing in vaudeville, and at 18 she was launched in summer stock. When Irene was 22, Mike Todd hired her for *Star and Garter*, fired her before the

show was six weeks old. After that, says Irene, "I kinda had a nervous breakdown for five years."

With consistent bad luck, she kept winning parts in some of Broadway's ghastliest gohivers. Retreating, she ran a lampshade shop for four years, but was so desperate for the stage that she briefly took a job as the receiving end of a vaudeville comedy routine, in which the comedian drew his laughs mainly by bumping repeatedly into her bosom. Between waitress jobs Irene kept making



ACTRESS DAILEY

"She sweats love, breathes hate."

the Broadway rounds, scored minor successes on TV, was encouraged enough to begin, at 29, the formal study of her profession as a belated Method convert.

Raisins & Technique. Under Herbert Berghof and his wife Uta Hagen—whose school is less publicized than Lee Strasberg's Actors' Studio, but equally esteemed by many—Irene practiced with awesome intensity. Often she phoned fellow actors and routed them out of bed to practice scenes with her at 6 a.m. She was so oblivious to everything but acting that when one fellow student brought her a bunch of white grapes, she set them on a table in her apartment, next noticed them eight months later when the friend returned and exclaimed "Irene, we have raisins."

Between more parts in ambitious Broadway flops (*Miss Lonelyhearts*, *Summer of the 17th Doll*), she turned away from the Berghof school's advanced classes, went into the basic-technique courses and joined the beginners. Eventually, Berghof hired her to teach the technique courses herself to twelve classes a week and more than 200 students. Last spring, after 47 others had either tried

"How can my money be safe?"

That question seems to bother nearly everybody we know who has any extra money—and the only honest answer we can think of is, "Maybe it can't."

First off—there's a risk in just having money. The risk that it might be stolen. The risk that you'll lose it through imprudent investment. The very real risk that even if you just put it away, it will buy less and less as the years go by.

Suppose, for example, that you just set aside \$1,000 ten years ago. Today, that \$1,000 would only buy \$819 worth of goods in terms of 1950 purchasing power.

Or, suppose you were able to get 3% a year on that \$1,000 over the same ten-year period. Today your \$1,000 would have grown to a little over \$1,548—but would be worth only \$1,104 in terms of 1950 purchasing power.

Or maybe you put that \$1,000 into good common stocks back in 1950. Then, if those stocks performed even as well as the Standard & Poor's Composite Index of 500 stocks, your \$1,000 would have grown to just over \$5,500—or, by 1950 standards, would be worth \$4,504.98 in purchasing power today.

Now, was 1950-1960 an unusual ten-year period? Perhaps. But going all the way back to 1913—the year they first started a cost-of-living index—the story's about the same. That is a 1913 dollar is now worth only 35.7 cents—while Standard & Poor's Composite Index of 500 common stocks has gone up 550% since 1913.

How can your money be safe? As we said, maybe it can't. Nobody can guarantee that the buying power of the dollar will continue to dwindle for the next ten years. Nobody can guarantee you 3% interest either. And we certainly can't say that stocks, on average, will go up that much again in the next ten years. Actually, they could even go down. But if you do have any money that you don't need for living expenses, emergencies, or insurance, we can't think of a better place to keep it than in good common stocks.

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for or turned down the part, she was chosen for *Tomorrow* in London. Said Irene Dailey last week: "I shall be 40 in September. I have nothing, really nothing. I'm not married. I have no children. I've been going to a psychiatrist for three years. All I really care about is the theater, but now, for the first time, I know in my stomach that my work is good."

TELEVISION

Series from a D.P. Poet

It was only a half-hour show, done in the commercial-cut format of the western and the soap opera. Yet it was one of the most effective shows on TV this season. *A Trip to Czardis*, on Manhattan's WCBS-TV, told of two small boys in the Florida pine woods who go with their mother and uncle to see their father, sick in a nearby town. As it turns out, he is not really sick; he is in prison, and a crowd is already collecting to watch him hang. He says goodbye to the boys, giving one a watch, the other its chain. The older boy understands, his brother does not.

That was the simple outline of the play: what made it exceptional, as played by an excellent cast including Mildred Dunnock, was the unpretentious directness with which Edwin Cranberry's short story reached the TV screen. If at times too deliberate, the show was neither sentimental nor afraid of sentiment, skillfully played on the viewers' emotions with the cool, sweet memory of an earlier trip to Czardis when the father was still strong and happy; with the boys' childish, poignant attempt to find a present they can take to him; above all, with the wrenching contrast between innocence and death.

Dry Ink. The play was particularly notable in the hopeless desert of summer programming, but it would have stood out at any time as the first of a new series: *The Robert Heridge Theater*—that has long been one of the finest unseen programs ever assembled. Producer Hu Rides began it over a year ago at CBS Films, a semi-independent TV packaging firm, but as show after show went on tape, the series looked so widely various that potential customers felt they did not know what they might be buying. In ten months many agencies and sponsors smelled quality and kept their ink dry.

Four shows were bought last fall by stations in Scandinavia and Germany; the program has also been sold in Australia and Canada. Now sold at last in the U.S.—but only in five cities—the series is mainly dramatic, ranging from John Milton Syng's *Riders to the Sea* to adaptations of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* and Shirley Jackson's coldly disturbing *The Lottery*. A play called *The Gambler* sends the average western up in gun smoke as it concentrates with the tension of *High Noon* on the 40 minutes that precede a professional killing. Always varied in mood, the series trips along with Burlesque Pantomimist Irving Hoffman in some splendidly kookie blackouts, stages a *Frankie and Johnnie* Ballet with Bal-



PRODUCER HERIDGE

Better than most, less than a saint.

Ierina Melissa Hayden, and sits in on a wordless session with Jazz Trumpeter Miles Davis.

The better sort of television has long been the province of Robert Heridge, once called by *Variety* "the literary conscience of the medium." Using no sets but considerable imagination, he originated WCBS's *Camera Three* seven years ago did productions of *Hamlet*, *Moby Dick*, *The Heart of Darkness*, a ten-part *Huckleberry Finn*. As a summer producer for the once-memorable *Studio One*, he did the fascinating *Mr. Arcurius*, by poet Conrad Aiken, and Steinbeck's *Flight*.

Espresso-Shop Idealism. A kind of D.P. poet, wearing moccasins and no tie Heridge went to Northwestern, once held a poetry fellowship at the University of California. Leaving academe astride the flaring rationalization that "one should live at the center of experience of his time," he hit the road. He loaded, worked on road gangs, on farms on beaches as a lifeguard. He published stories in *Scribner's Magazine* and the *American Mercury*. Following his Steinbeck period came his Hemingway period. Heridge enlisted in the Army Air Corps, flew missions over southern Europe. After the war, he paddled around Greenwich Village, wandered into television ten years ago to beachcomb for money.

Still pursuing a freewheeling life, Heridge is apt to turn up at parties with two or three dates in his office he keeps photographs—even an oil portrait—of assortments of musky ladies of close acquaintance. He talks with espresso-shop idealism about TV, but he matches much of that talked idealism in his work. With far more non-commercial daring than a David Susskind he brings audiences a lot of the variety and vigor that TV once promised. Something less than television's first saint, he at least, in the words of one of his directors, "compulsively avoids the obvious."



FT. SUMTER

CHARLESTON CITIZENS WATCH THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 12, 1861, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

Act I, Scene I, of America's Civil War

"...a sullen red spark climbed up the black sky, seemed to hang motionless for a final instant directly overhead, and then came plunging down to explode in great light and, rocking sound that would reverberate across the land to make an end and a beginning."

Bernie Cotter
LITERARY PRIZE HISTORIAN

AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY

Charleston, South Carolina, is one of our loveliest cities, peacefully sunning itself in the flower-scented air. Yet in this city, bright with spring, we began our most terrible war...the one war that is ours alone, shared by no other nation. Small wonder that its centennial will be observed with so much imagination and pride.

Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, was the first and perhaps the strangest action of the war. Here American fought American, with great honor on both sides. No man was killed, and the Carolina gunners paused between salvos to cheer the heroism of the

fort's Union defenders. You see the thick walls that protected Major Anderson's 128 men against 3,000 Confederate shells, and the scars give dramatic proof of the danger men faced for an idea. In the museum, now being completed, you see the original flag, and the ammunition that could not be fired because no powder bags were left. Wherever you walk in the 2.4 acres of Fort Sumter, so accurately restored by the National Parks Service, you feel the pulse of history beating strong.

In Charleston, too, the years roll back. Come see the beauty

and share the memories of this city that time has spared, where yesterday seems as real as tomorrow. You'll never regret it, for no matter where you were born, what happened here irrevocably shaped your way of life. Remember it with pride.

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ART



LOUIS BOSA'S PRIZEWINNING OIL "MONKS FISHING, VENICE"

The Personal Touch

Among the artists who exhibited at the first Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit of 1932, the man who was to become most famous was Jackson Pollock, grand mafioso of action painting. But that year the top prize of \$50 went to an artist of quite a different sort. A birdlike little (5 ft. 2 in.) man with a realistic style and an irrepressible sense of humor, Louis Bosa, 55, has always been fascinated by "the silly, human things people do. I play detective all the time." Last week a bit of Bosa's amiable detective work won him first prize (\$1,000) at the 25th annual show at the Butler Institute of American Art in Youngstown, Ohio.

One of ten children, Bosa was born in Codroipo, a sun-drenched town of 2,038 just 15 miles from Venice. For generations his family had been turning out sculptures to adorn the great villas and *palazzi*. Young Louis seemed destined to follow the tradition. But when he was 18, he became disgusted with Mussolini's Italy, set out for Canada and then the U.S. He worked as a house painter, as an interpreter at Manhattan's Pennsylvania Hotel, then as a waiter while he studied art under the great realist John Sloan. In time, such museums as the Metropolitan, the Whitney, and the Worcester Museum of Fine Arts owned canvases by him, and Bosa himself became head of the advanced painting department of the Cleveland Institute of Art.

He will paint Coney Island or Central Park—any place full of people. But his favorite subject has always been the nuns and monks of Venice. He paints them riding motorcycles, hurtling down a hill on a toboggan, carrying chickens under their arms, or lazily fishing in a canal (see

cut). His colors run to the rich pinks and purples of Venetian *palazzi*, but his artistic credo is disarmingly simple: "I think art should be personal."

At the Butler show, the entries were divided about fifty-fifty between abstract and representational; yet all 20 prizes went to representational works. One reason is that Butler has such a strong reputation for conservatism that most top abstract expressionists will not submit their work. Bosa, however, wonders whether there might not be another reason for the lopsided awards. "There is a movement toward bringing the figure back that you can almost feel. I have no objection to abstract art, but I find it cold. My objection is that we now have an academic style of abstraction, and that's just as bad as any other forms of academic art. Some of the painters say the figure has no business on the canvas, I think perhaps they hate people, and maybe people hate them."

The Great Disciplinarian

André Gide called him "the first of our great French painters and the most French of our great painters," but France herself has been strangely ambivalent about the 17th century master, Nicolas Poussin (see color opposite and on following page). Though his canvases hang in all the best museums, his works have at times been virtually ignored by gallerygoers. And though the experts have subjected Poussin to periodic "rediscoveries," he has sometimes seemed little more than a name to which the textbooks paid their perfunctory respects. This summer Poussin is enjoying his most spectacular "rediscovery" yet, in the form of the biggest one-man show the Louvre has staged in 30 years.

The Louvre has scoured the world to collect 120 drawings and 120 of Poussin's 180-odd known paintings. The U.S. sent 14 canvases; others came from as far away as Australia and from such diverse repositories as Windsor Castle and Leningrad's Hermitage Museum. The Louvre cleaned many of its own 37, often revealing an intensity of color never before suspected. Yet, when the Louvre's chief curator of paintings, Germain Bazin, sat down to write his introduction to the catalogue, he still had his doubts. "Will the crowds?" he asked, "show an interest in this artist whose biography reveals a modest life, who assassinated no one, who did not commit suicide?" The "crowds" have been flocking to the show at the rate of more than 7,000 a week.

Cost & Cure. For so French a painter, it is ironic that Normandy-born Poussin did almost all his work outside his native land. After studying anatomy in a Paris hospital, he set out for Rome, where he filled notebook after notebook with sketches of ancient ruins and nearly starved to death. Once when the Vatican was at odds with Cardinal Richelieu, papal troops tried to beat the Frenchman up. He caught syphilis, and partly to avoid further temptation, married the daughter of the pastry cook who nursed him back to health. The disease left its mark—trembling hands and eventual paralysis—but at 45 Poussin was at last being hailed as France's Raphael.

Through a combination of pressure and promises, France lured him back to Paris, at least for a while. He was made First Painter to the King, was installed in a splendid house in the Tuilleries gardens. But within two years, the intrigues and jealousies of Louis XIII's court had driven him back to Rome. And there, in 1665, "overcome with infirmities of every sort, a foreigner without friends," he died at 71. "They preach patience to me as a remedy for all ills," he wrote in his last, despairing year. "I take it as a medicine that costs practically nothing but that also cures nothing."

Head & Heart. It would have taken all his patience to follow his changing fortunes after death. While Delacroix hailed him as "one of the hardest innovators in the history of painting," others denounced his classicism as cold, almost lifeless. But in an age of facile painters who were more interested in mannered effects than content, he restored discipline and purity to art. "From the hand of the painter," he said, "must come no line not previously formed in the mind." It was a lesson for which everyone from Ingres to Cézanne was to express gratitude.

Nor did his head completely rule his heart. His joy was restrained, yet it is plainly evident in the subdued colors of his *Poet's Inspiration*. In his *Descent from the Cross*, his mourners do not quite weep; yet their agony seems all the greater for their control. And when the landscape takes over as in *The Funeral of Phœbeion*, it is nature herself who seems to be mourning in a spellbinding scene of grandeur and grief.



POUSSIN'S "THE POET'S INSPIRATION"

"THE FUNERAL OF PHOCION"





"DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"

RELIGION

Bishop's Pence

In Depression-ridden 1933, the late Rt. Rev. George Craig Stewart, Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, cast about for a way to raise money from church members who were growing increasingly worried about raising money for themselves. He asked them to put a small container on the family table and put in a penny after grace at each meal. Through war and good times, the 6-in. cans stayed on the tables, and last week Chicago's Episcopal piggy bank hit the million-dollar mark.

The 14,000 containers are collected five times a year; the diocese returns 45% of the money to the parish, keeps 45% for the bishop's "Discretionary Fund," and uses 10% for administering the fund. The bishop's share, now about \$30,000 a year, is used for emergencies, such as helping rebuild St. Paul's Church in Chicago's South Side when it was destroyed by arsonists. The parish share is used for church-building improvement, the altar guild, etc. Pennies are clinking in faster than ever these days. While the first million took 27 years to collect, at the current rate it should take about 14 years to raise the second million.

Baptists on the March

"When Rio was chosen for the congress, I groaned, 'Brother, we've had it.' It looked like more bravado than brains." So says the Rev. Edgar Hallock of Norman, Okla., for the past 17 years a Baptist missionary in Brazil. But despite the hazards of holding a major Protestant meeting in the world's largest Roman Catholic country, and despite the travel difficulties for many delegates (average cost of participation to U.S. members more than \$2,000 each), the quinquennial Congress of the Baptist World Alliance last week wound up as the most impressive Baptist convention on record.

The Rio meeting proved to be a dramatic demonstration of the Baptists' increasingly aggressive missionary drive in Latin America, where the Catholic Church has only one priest for every 6,000 people and admits that less than 10% of its nominal members are practicing Catholics. From all over the world the congress drew 13,000 delegates (previous record abroad: London's 8,000 in 1953); the delegations ranged in size from one person (Israel, Jordan and Hungary) to 2,836 from the U.S. Rio had never seen such a cosmopolitan crowd: bare-shouldered Ghanaians and batik-clad Indonesians drew stares, while the eight delegates from the Soviet Union drew something more—a predictable blast from the Rev. Carl McIntire, head of the Fundamentalist American Council of Christian Churches, who accused the Baptists of providing a platform for Communist propaganda. Replied Richmond's Theodore Floyd Adams, outgoing president of the Baptist Alliance: "The Russian delegates are above suspicion. They have suffered greatly for their faith."

Statistics & Resolutions. In Rio's crush, one Brazilian delegate was killed in a streetcar accident, eight underwent emergency operations, 260 applied for first-aid treatment, and nine lost their Bibles. In the city's Maracanazinho indoor stadium (25,000 capacity), delegates and spectators met for 14 plenary sessions, plus dozens of sectional meetings, during which the congress:

¶ Heard cheering statistics on the march of world Baptism. Since the London conference five years ago, the World Alliance

Bagby, who brought the Baptist faith to Brazil.

Climax of the congress was the appearance of the world's most famed Baptist, Evangelist Billy Graham, who in Rio found the biggest audience of his career. The Brazilian press—even the far-left *Ultima Hora*—wrote him up like a combination movie star and visiting potentate. Crowds of cariocas lay in wait for him wherever he went, shredded two of his suits, and left him shaken and feeling the need of prayer. "I've never seen such enthusiastic people," he said later, noting with relief that Rio's outdoor Maracanã Stadium is "equipped with a moat to pro-



BILLY GRAHAM & BAPTIST PRESIDENT SOREN IN RIO
Prayers in buses, psalms in streetcars, 20,000 handkerchiefs for Christ.

has added nine member churches from five countries—India, Honduras, Malaya, Formosa and Lebanon—and total membership has risen 16%, from 20,000,000 to 23,176,373, including a 35% increase in Latin America. Some 14,000 Baptist missionaries are making converts at the rate of 500,000 a year.

¶ Passed resolutions in favor of religious liberty, disarmament with inspection safeguards and foreign aid ("We call upon the nations of the world to be their brothers keeper"). U.S. Southern Baptists joined their brethren in backing racial equality. The congress also proclaimed a worldwide Crusade for Biblical Study and a year of Worldwide Evangelistic Emphasis (1964).

¶ Elected a Brazilian, the Rev. João Soren, 52, president of the Baptist World Alliance for the next five years. Quiet, precise Pastor Soren is the son of one of Brazil's first Baptist ministers, Francisco Fulgencio Soren, and his Virginia-born wife Jane. A graduate of Southern Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., with an M.A. from the University of Louisville, he is pastor of Rio's First Baptist Church (membership 2,300), which was founded in 1854 by Texas Missionary William

tect the players from the crowds and an escape hatch for the referee."

Psalm & Prayers. From hundreds of miles around, back-country Protestant churches spent their year's budget to send people into Rio for Billy's rally jammed into ramshackle buses and open trucks. Some 1,500 volunteer ushers were ready for them; 4,000 counselors were on hand to guide their "decisions for Christ." Although Brazil's Roman Catholics distributed anti-Protestant leaflets, an estimated 50% of the audience was Catholic. By the time black-suited Billy Graham mounted the rostrum, an audience of close to 200,000, nearly double capacity, had jammed the stadium.

For 6½ minutes, including the time needed for translation, Billy spoke simply of God's love and mercy and of human need. "God is yours; if you change your way of living, You can't tell God you're sorry and then go on with lies and lust. You must take Christ into your heart. Open up, and he will come in quicker"—here Billy clapped—"than you can clap your hands."

Instead of asking people to come forward to indicate their decisions for Christ, Billy asked them to wave their handker-



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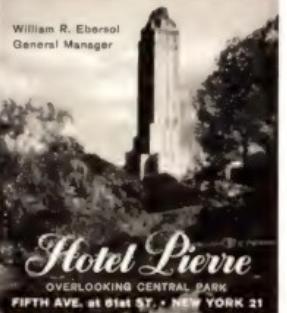
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chiefs, and 20-odd thousand handkerchiefs flashed in the sun. Counselors later talked to some 12,000, and Rio's 128 Baptist churches reported a steady influx of converts all week long. With Billy Graham's meeting, the tenth congress of the Baptist Alliance was over, and there had never been another like it. As they left the stadium, the happy crowds sang hymns instead of sambas; sardined into buses and clinging to streetcars all over Rio de Janeiro, they chanted psalms and prayers.

Women on the Mountain

"It is better to encounter a deadly poisonous snake than a woman," say the Buddhist priests of the Shugen sect, who worship the Eight Dragon God, Hachidai Ryu, at the temple of Japan's Mount Sanjogatake. For 1,300 years the Shugen monks have seen to it that no female climbed their mountain or entered their Ryusenji Temple. Undisturbed, they practiced their ascetic disciplines—walking barefoot through fires of logs and leaves while reciting sutras, plunging into freezing pools, hanging by their ankles over vertiginous cliffs while confessing their sins. (A favorite filip of the monks is to dangle novices carelessly over a cliff, pretending to let go from time to time to help them attain a sense of man's helplessness.)

After World War II, a blight came upon the sacred mountain. First there were U.S. WACs, then a *demokurashi*-style Japanese girl with knapsack and climbing boots. The beleaguered priests enlisted villagers to turn back any woman they found approaching the mountain. They rebuilt the trail to the top, making it difficult even for experienced climbers. But then came the fatal proclamation of the *miko* in Nara prefecture,

A *miko* is a kind of medium and rural sorceress to whom people come for advice on marriage and business. This particular *miko* had a large following of women in what the Japanese politely call "the water trades"—prostitutes, bar hostesses, geishas. The *miko* told them to worship the Eight Dragon God at the Ryusenji Temple. That tore it. Last week at Ryusenji, 200 dignitaries, headed by the Governor of Nara, chanted sutras and presented altar lilies to the brand-new vermilion temple, which was being dedicated to replace the old one, burned down in 1946. And 500 women arrived in buses and uprooted the stone tablet forbidding women to enter the temple compound.

Amid all the sake-gay festivity, the monks of Mount Sanjogatake were glum. Said 75-year-old Abbot Kaigyoku Okada: "Can a man meditate on the Buddha in the midst of passing geishas? That is why we sought mountain solitude. But now girls are to be allowed on our mountain, presumably with their boy friends. If one of my priests doing a cliff exercise happens to see a young couple, he may lose his balance and be killed." The abbot may have been thinking of a line popular with the mountain priests: "Woman is the root of disaster that even 500 reincarnations cannot absolve."

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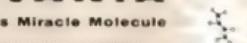
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MILESTONES

Born. To Floyd Patterson, 25, world heavyweight champion, and Sandra Hicks Patterson, 22, his second wife; their third child, first son; in Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Married. Quentin Northrop Burdick, 32, North Dakota's first Democratic Congressman, recent winner of the state's special U.S. senatorial election (TIME, July 11); and Jocelyn Birch Peterson, 38, a Republican; both for the second time; in Faro, N. Dak.

Divorced. By Bette Davis, 52, two-time Oscar-winning cinemaddress: Gary Merrill, 44, her TV- and movie-acting fourth husband; after ten years of marriage, two adopted children (he also adopted her daughter from a previous marriage); in Portland, Me.

Died. Aneurin Bevan, 62, the impassioned, irrepressible maverick and front-bench spellbinder of the British Labor Party; of cancer; in Chesham, England (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Hugh Hammond Bennett, 79, chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service from its founding in 1935 until his 1952 retirement, a folksy Cassandra whose warnings that the U.S. must improve its conservation practices were largely ignored before the great dust storms of the 1930s; of cancer; in Burlington, N.C. A North Carolina farmer's son who had done Government conservation work for 32 budget-less years prior to setting up the SCS, Bennett won one of his first big appropriations by leading several Congressmen to a Capitol window, pointing to a cloud of dust, and saying: "There goes part of the Midwest."

Died. Bellamy Partridge, 82, onetime lawyer, journalist, editor, novelist, and droll chronicler of turn-of-the-century Americana, whose 13th book and first success, *Country Lawyer*, nostalgically portrayed his father and life in an upstate New York village, became a bestseller in 1939-40 and a movie, was followed by ten other works, including two on the automobile—*Excuse My Dust* and *Fill 'Er Up!*; of a stroke; in Bridgeport, Conn.

Died. Wilton Wade McCrory, 87, frontier-style judge for 31 years on the Texas Criminal District Court bench in San Antonio; of cancer; in San Antonio. Before his retirement in 1954, Judge McCrory delighted many (and infuriated some) Texans with his salty obiter dicta on such subjects as poker (decrying improprieties such as lowball), marital infidelity (advising forsaken wives to use the straight razor on their unfaithful husbands), rape ("There's been about as many men raped as gals; we don't have one real rape case a year in this county"), and murder ("Ask anybody if anyone worth anything has been killed in the last ten years here").

Good Looking,

Good Reading

Is Cuba under Castro turning Communist?

With Havana less than an hour from the mainland, that question must concern all Americans. This week LIFE Associate Editor Keith Wheeler supplies some realistic if unpleasant answers. You won't want to miss this on-the-spot report from a once friendly nation that is rapidly becoming a security threat to all the Americas.



More and more families get in the swim in their own backyards. Six cool color pages show you home pools of varied sizes, shapes and prices.

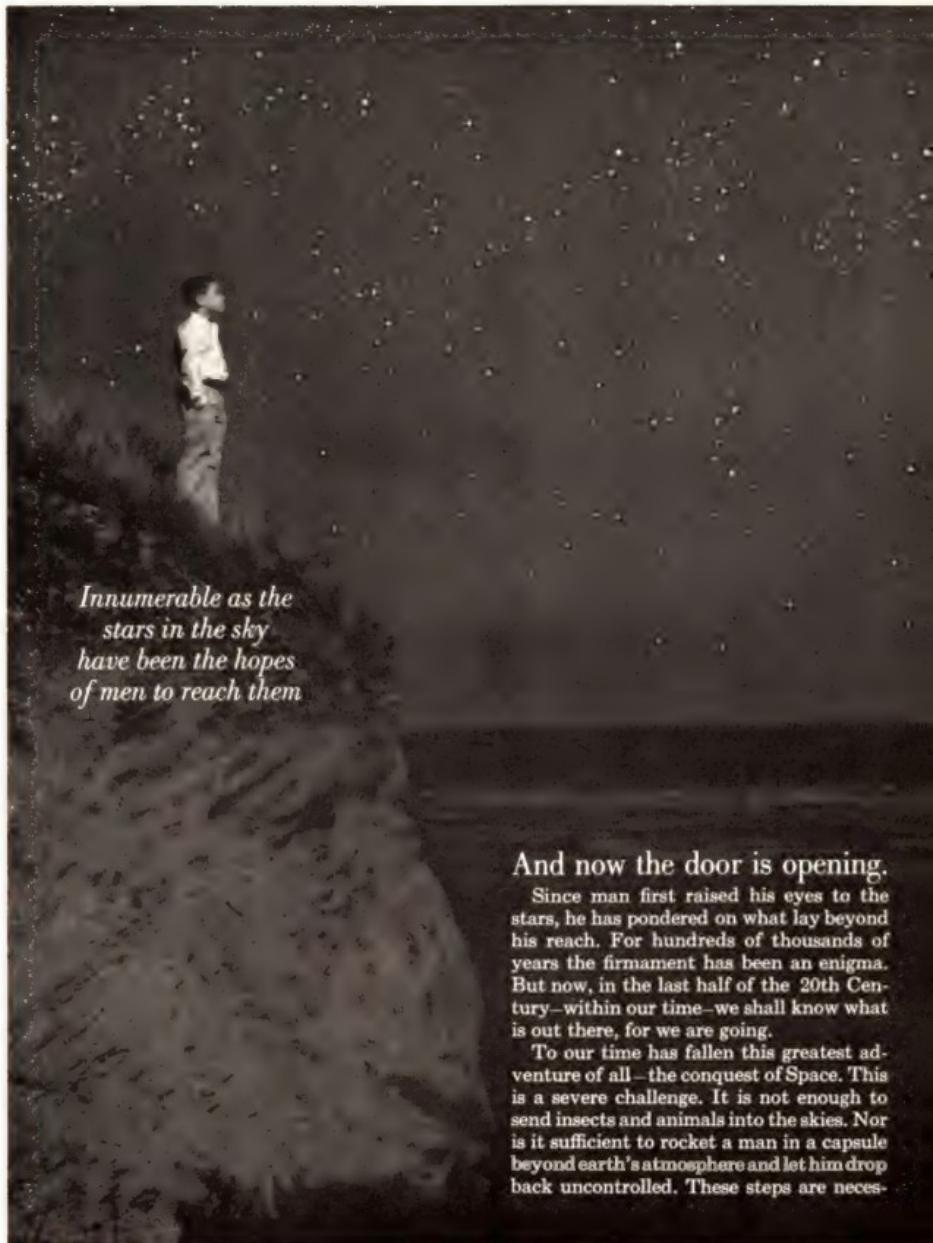
Photographer George Silk's ingenious use of photo finish camera techniques at the U.S. Olympic trials adds a new dimension to sports reporting.



In Part V of the series on how democracy is faring in the world, LIFE shows the ups and downs of self-government in Pakistan and Thailand.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE



*Innumerable as the
stars in the sky
have been the hopes
of men to reach them*

And now the door is opening.

Since man first raised his eyes to the stars, he has pondered on what lay beyond his reach. For hundreds of thousands of years the firmament has been an enigma. But now, in the last half of the 20th Century—within our time—we shall know what is out there, for we are going.

To our time has fallen this greatest adventure of all—the conquest of Space. This is a severe challenge. It is not enough to send insects and animals into the skies. Nor is it sufficient to rocket a man in a capsule beyond earth's atmosphere and let him drop back uncontrolled. These steps are neces-

sary...but they are preliminaries. To conquer Space, man must go there as master of his vehicle—able to guide himself, to investigate the unknown, and to control his return to earth.

North American Aviation is contributing to America's assault on Space in many ways: large rocket engines, nuclear power reactors, sophisticated guidance systems,

manned and unmanned vehicles, and advanced research. These North American endeavors are part of the total national effort that is making space travel a reality. And in the history books of the future, this could well be written of our time: "Today we are masters of interplanetary Space because in the 20th Century our forefathers saw the challenge—and met it."

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

A Little Bounce

For weeks the Wall Street bulls have been impatiently waiting for the market's traditional "summer rise." Last week, after two listless, post-holiday trading sessions the market bounced upward 4.52 points on the Dow-Jones industrial average for the biggest gain in a month, closed out the week up another 2.02, at 646.91. Whether or not this little bounce would prove the beginning of the summer rise, the surprising and heartening factor in the market's advance was that steels led the way. For the week, U.S. Steel rose 3½, and Jones & Laughlin, Lukens and Youngstown Sheet & Tube all rose between 2 and 3.

With the nation's steel mills operating at only 42.7% capacity, the lowest non-strike level since 1958, investors were clearly buying steels on the assumption that the low point has been reached and an upturn in production lies ahead. At week's end the Commerce Department reported that exports of steel rose to 320,000 tons in May, exceeding steel imports for the first time in 18 months. Steel imports, which got their big boost during the steel strike scare (*see chart*), fell to 272,000 tons, a figure that Big Steel Chairman Roger Blough describes as "still very bothersome," though it is only about 3% of U.S. steel use.

Automaker stocks also moved up in the stock market, and with some reason. Though some middle-priced cars were not selling well, Chevrolet rang up its best June ever, with sales of 190,215 cars, up 8.5% over June a year ago. Chevrolet six-month sales in 1960 also set an alltime



Ben Martin

TRADING ON THE NEW YORK COFFEE AND SUGAR EXCHANGE
Lumps for Castro, sweetening for others.

COMMODITIES

Plenty of Sugar

When President Eisenhower last week decided to give Fidel Castro his lumps, he set off a flurry of excitement on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, clearinghouse for much of the world's sugar. Just before Ike announced a slash of 700,000 tons in the amount of sugar that the U.S. would buy from Cuba during the rest of 1960, world sugar prices dropped 3 to 8 points, i.e., hundreds of a cent a pound, in expectation of the cut—and in fear that Cuba would dump its surplus sugar on the world market. Instead, Cuba raised its minimum export price from \$3 to \$3.25 a hundred pounds in an effort to recover part of its losses on sugar sales. Thereupon, in heavy trading world sugar futures shot up again, only to level off at week's end.

Actually, Cuba could not dump its sugar and remain a member of the powerful International Sugar Council, which set Cuba's 1960 sugar export quota at 2,700,000 tons, excluding its shipments to the U.S. The world already has 13.7 million tons of surplus sugar, will add another 600,000 tons this year. The question is not whether the U.S. will suffer any sugar shortage—it will not—but rather it is who will inherit the market that Cuba loses.

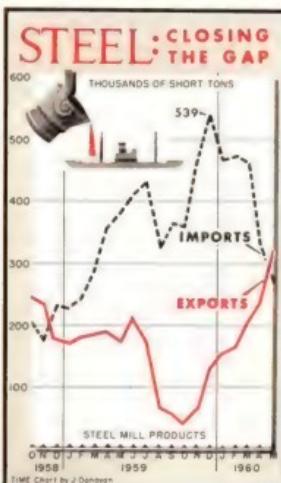
Premium Prices. The U.S. has traditionally bought the biggest chunk of its sugar from Cuba, about 3,000,000 tons of raw sugar a year. This is more than half of Cuba's total exports and about one-third of U.S. needs. The rest is supplied by domestic beet- and cane-sugar producers (53%) and by 15 other nations under annual quotas. To all of them, the

RAILROADS

Strike on the Long Island

The nation's busiest commuter railroad was closed down this week by a strike aimed at setting a precedent for U.S. railroads. After last-minute negotiations collapsed, 1,350 members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen walked off the Long Island Railroad, which carries 175,000 riders daily in and out of New York City. The trainmen are striking for a five-day week but want to continue receiving the seven days pay they now get for working six. No major U.S. railroad has a five-day week for employees who man the trains, and a settlement on union terms could be used as a lever to get a five-day week on other railroads.

The Long Island offered its trainmen the five-day week, but tied in the offer with economies that would pare the cost from \$350,000 to \$200,000 a year. Without these, the Long Island said, it would have to raise fares more than the 4¢-a-mile hike planned to cover recent pay increases. Under the road's plan, the union would have had to accept a cut in the Long Island's basic hourly pay rate, which is 3¢ to 7¢ higher than on most U.S. railroads, to bring it in line with other roads. The union rejected both the offer and the company's version of the facts. A five-day week, said the Brotherhood, would involve hiring only 28 extra men instead of the 130 the railroad talked about.



U.S. pays nearly 5½ per lb.—or more than 2¢ above the world free market price. This premium is designed to keep the U.S. sugar price from fluctuating wildly with the world market price, and to eliminate both the very high prices that hurt the consumer and the very low prices that are disastrous to producers. The Secretary of Agriculture does not set an exact price, but controls it by increasing sugar quota allotments when prices are headed upward, decreasing them when prices are headed downward.

The Agriculture Department last week estimated that the U.S. will require 200,000 tons more than last year's 9,400,000 tons. It immediately assigned 140,000 tons of that amount to quota nations; the other 60,000 tons would ordinarily be Cuba's share. Thus the U.S. must find 760,000 extra tons of sugar before year's end.

Big Windfalls. U.S. growers may provide an extra 200,000 tons as their share of the divvy. Quota nations other than Cuba will also get increases. They may range from 7,000 tons for such small quota countries as Costa Rica and Haiti to nearly 80,000 tons for the Philippines, Mexico, Peru and the Dominican Republic will get windfalls. The Mexicans now hope to provide up to 200,000 tons to their present 62,000. The Dominican Republic, where Dictator Trujillo controls the sugar industry, expects a windfall of about 200,000 tons, and Panama will increase its quota from 3,000 to 10,000 tons, providing a bonanza for the family of President-elect Roberto F. Chiari, which owns the country's biggest sugar plantations and refinery. All of these countries will be paid at the premium quota rate.

Once the quota nations have had their share, the U.S. can make up any remaining sugar deficit by buying from such

nonquota nations as Brazil, which is ready to sell up to 300,000 tons of surplus sugar this year, and Australia, which has more than 200,000 tons available. For sugar bought from nonquota nations, the U.S. will also pay its higher quota price.

Permanent Cut. Cuba will lose \$65 million on the sugar slash this year, plus another \$25 million for extra allotments that would have been due her. Congress is expected to revamp the entire Sugar Act when it returns in August, may cut Cuba out of the quota system permanently. In any case, after allotting additional quotas to friendly nations and to U.S. farmers, the U.S. will not lightly return them to Cuba. U.S. beet farmers particularly stand to benefit by the cut. Their costs have long been above foreign producers' (the quota system is partly to protect them from cheaper foreign sugar), but they have gradually cut costs by improving technology.

Cuba is unlikely to get much real help from Russia, although it recently signed a \$100 million harter agreement to take Cuban sugar in return for machinery, consumer items and technicians. Russia, already the world's biggest sugar producer, is a net exporter of sugar; at best, the Cubans could expect to market one-sixth of their next year's crop to the Soviets. They may find, as Nasser did when he hartered cotton to Russia, that the Communists will dump it elsewhere, depriving them of other markets.

MANAGEMENT

Protesting Early

General Electric let out a premature cry of protest last week at the new demands of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, although the present contract does not expire until October. On the union's list of



I.U.E.'S CAREY
He wants all the gains.

wanted goodies were supplementary unemployment benefits (guaranteed annual wage), a union shop, improved pensions and continued cost-of-living provisions. But what really bothered G.E. was I.U.E. President James B. Carey's demand that his union receive all the gains of any increase in plant productivity.

The union contract, signed back in 1955, provided for wage increases ranging from 1% to 3.45%. Carey says that productivity climbed about 6% in 1959, complains that the union got only a 3.46% wage hike. Now, discounting the company's role in helping to increase productivity, he wants another year like 1959 to pay off with a 6% hike in wages. He also wants a minimum-wage increase of 3½% a year, even if productivity does not measure up to that.

G.E. charged that the "astronomical" cost of meeting the union's demands would be at least \$100 million over the next two years, warned its employees not to look for a "pot of gold" in the fall. Replied Jim Carey: "A fair and efficient management could provide every benefit sought by the union for less than one-half the cost as estimated by General Electric."

During the 1958 contract reopener, Carey lost face when he asked for a strike only to have union workers vote to stay on the job. This time he is ready. He has changed the I.U.E. constitution to place greater strike authority with a conference board whose decisions are binding on union members.

AVIATION

Fixing the Electra

Ever since Lockheed Aircraft Corp. announced the cause of two crashes by its turboprop Electras (TIME, May 23), the big question has been: Who will pay to have the planes fixed? This week Lockheed was ready to sign contracts with

TIME CLOCK

WAR AGAINST RED OIL will be waged by Western oil companies to prevent Russian crude from entering their markets. Three companies (Shell, Standard Vacuum, Caltex) told India they will not refine Russian crude oil sold to Indian government. Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) warned owners and tanker brokers, in effect, it will not do business now or in future with anybody who charters or sells tankers to the Soviet Union or its satellites.

DIVIDEND INCREASES by U.S. corporations in June were less than year ago, even though more companies increased dividends in first half than last year, reported Standard & Poor's Corp. Outlook: fewer dividend increases in the second half because earnings gains have fallen short of early 1960 expectations.

DISNEYLAND INVESTMENT by American Broadcasting-Paramount has paid off handsomely. Company sold its 35% stock interest, purchased

for \$500,000 in 1954, to Walt Disney Productions for \$7,500,000 in cash and notes.

CASTRO'S ADAMAN who ran U.S. campaign to try to lure dollar-filled tourists to Cuba is suing Cuban government for more than \$100,000 in unpaid bills. Armed with a court writ, Miami's Harris & Co. Advertising had sheriff seize a Cuban Aerovias at Fort Lauderdale, is trying to seize all Cuban property in Florida, including bank accounts.

LUNCH COUNTER VICTORY was won by Negroes in Charlotte, N.C., second city in state to agree to serve whites and Negroes alike (first: Winston-Salem). In Knoxville, Tenn., three stores (Miller's, Sears, Roebuck & Co., and Rich's) closed lunch counters permanently because of sit-ins. Texas' J. Weingarten, Inc., with 45 lunch counters in its supermarkets, is installing automatic equipment in some for integrated stand-up lunches.

WORLDWIDE SHORTAGE OF SKILLED MEN

Results: Increased Incentives, Decreasing Prejudices

A SKILLED man is often hard to find these days. The shortage is worldwide, and the reason is not the decline of craftsmen but the increased need in every country for more of them. The scramble for workers is having some odd effects on labor relations, work habits, and even on national prejudices.

Oddest of all: perhaps, is the situation in West Germany. There businessmen are frantically trying to find workers to fill 500,000 jobs. At the latest count, there were only 137,382 unemployed in the republic's entire work force of 24.6 million, an astounding .6% rate of unemployment. One Düsseldorf department store advertised for saleswomen, promised: "If you live out of town, we have pickup points. You meet interesting people, are offered free lunch and given a 15% discount on everything in the store."

In Britain, too, unemployment is down to 1.4% of the 24 million work force, lowest since 1957. In The Netherlands, the big Amsterdam department store Vroom & Dreesmann, also trying to attract salesgirls, offered "free dancing, music or foreign-language lessons." To keep government career men from straying to higher-paying commercial jobs, the Dutch government showers them with new titles and decorations to raise their social status. Many Australian firms now supply free transportation to and from work for employees, pay them for the traveling time. In Germany, a Westphalian farmer who could not keep his pea pickers down on the farm during harvest time offered a daily lottery with a \$5 prize to the winner.

Denmark has such need for labor for essential construction projects that the government has banned private building. Sweden had 11,400 job opportunities waiting for metal workers in May, 5,000 more than a year ago. In France, De Gaulle's massive attempt to move industries into the provinces ran into the resistance of French workers loath to move to new areas. A precision-products manufacturer in Colmar complained: "We scoured eastern France for people, and we know they just don't exist."

Recruiting Abroad. Many a nation that once tried to keep foreign workers out is now recruiting abroad. There is such an acute shortage of tailors in the U.S. that employers are seeking them out in Italy. A little-known provision in the U.S. immigration laws provides that workers with skills needed in the U.S. are to be at the top of the list in getting admitted to the U.S. The current most wanted list favors doctors, veterinarians, nurses, tool and die makers, teachers and engineers. West Germany has set up recruiting bureaus in Athens, Madrid and Naples, this year imported 43,000 workers from Italy, 13,000 from Greece and Spain. The German postal administration even imported a group of Spaniards, rushed them through a language course to learn to deliver the mails. Within a few weeks the Spaniards were fluent enough in German to read signs outside factories that offered "the highest wages anywhere," turned in their mailbags for better jobs.

In The Netherlands, Rotterdam Shipbuilder Cornelis Verolme, who needs 1,800 workers, plans to import Chinese from Hong Kong, some of them refugees from Red China, train them and send them to new yards in Brazil and Ireland. The refugee from Communism, if he has the right skill, is a wanted man. East German workers often cross to West Berlin, look at the help-wanted ads, then write letters for jobs. If accepted, they move West.

A Share of Prosperity. Inevitably, the labor shortage has raised workers' wages and benefits, given them a greater share in the world's new prosperity and an appetite for more. One of the miracles of the West German postwar recovery was the way a highly unionized nation freely con-

sented to businessmen's arguments that labor must keep its demands down so that German products would be competitive abroad. The sheen of this particular miracle is fading. Last week Karl Van Berk, president of West Germany's 520,000-member Coal Miners' and Energy Workers' Union, declared: "The time for a raise is now or never." Prosperous French Automaker Peugeot, whose parts plant is near the Swiss border, has traditionally relied on local farmers for workers. But this year, in full production and squeezed by a labor-tight France and a labor-short Switzerland, Peugeot had to grant a 5% wage boost and a bonus besides. In Copenhagen, when management gave in to a wildcat strike of women workers at the Tuborg and Carlsberg breweries, it was fined \$15,000 (the maximum) by the Danish employers' association. The pressure to raise European wages is lessening the big gap between U.S. and foreign pay, making U.S. goods more competitive.

Meeting New Needs. Not every nation has gotten onto the peculiar needs of the changing technical world. France is still training nearly six times as many garment workers as it needs, but by 1965 it will need three times as many technicians as it turns out today. Unlike the U.S. shift to automation, European manufacturers are changing more slowly. In Germany, the complaint is that businessmen are relying on cheap labor rather than making costly capital improvements. In England, more alert to the danger that a continuing shortage of skilled men may cause a drop in production, the Federation of British Industries reported that "future increases in output must depend upon further capital investment designed to save labor."

Many a manufacturer finds that the only way to provide skilled workers is to train them himself. Pechiney, Europe's biggest aluminum producer, takes promising workers off the production line, sends them back to school at full pay to get the equivalent of an engineer's degree. In Brazil, such foreign auto firms as Mercedes-Benz, General Motors, Willys-Overland, Ford and Volkswagen have not only set up their own factory training schools but send top technicians and potential executives to school abroad.

Reversing Old Prejudices. The new mobility of the world's labor force is reversing many old racial, religious or economic prejudices, and nations who linger with their old notions suffer. In Rhodesia, because of the shortage of white Europeans, native labor is gradually moving into positions of technical skill and responsibility long denied it. One of the reasons why Indonesia is floundering is that President Sukarno's government, after barring all Dutch technicians, is now driving out the Chinese and losing their skills and savvy. South Africa's industrial expansion requires 6,000 skilled immigrants a year, but it is getting only a trickle because it narrows its choice of immigrants to whites from The Netherlands, Germany and Britain, and discriminates against Catholics. Brazil's immigration laws, strict and shortsighted, allow immigrants to bring in only 22 lbs. of personal goods duty-free. To Ilmar Penna Marinho, a Brazilian foreign ministry official, "It is preposterous to oblige immigrants to come here with only their bed clothing and refuse to let them bring their tools and farming machinery."

The old prejudice that immigration will put domestic workers out of jobs still lingers on. However plentiful jobs may seem to be now, people still fear an uncertain future. But the International Labor Organization insists that alarmist fears are no longer justified. Tight-knit labor laws, the strength of unions, and the basic forces at work in the world's economic growth have eliminated many of the dangers of over-migration.

Electra-equipped U.S. airlines obliging Lockheed to pay all direct modification costs, which it estimates will total \$25 million. The lines, arguing successfully that they have already paid a high price in lost revenues and increased operating costs, will pay only minor expenses, such as flying the planes to Lockheed's Burbank, Calif., headquarters and test flights of the modified plane.

The modifications will consist of adding new strength to the engine nacelles, whose weakness was the plane's basic flaw, and to the wings. Lockheed will add strengthening attachments to the mount that supports the engine and to the structure that holds the mount to the wing. The wing will get new, tougher planks (lengthwise strips) and be otherwise stiffened by new bracing. The fixes will make the nacelles and wings "fail-safe," i.e., prevent the failure of any part from affecting the whole wing structure. American Airlines, which will sign the first contract, expects modifications of its fleet of 34 Electras to begin in November, be completely finished by July 1961.

Lockheed expects to have its first Electras completely modified by December; when they are ready, it will ask the Federal Aviation Agency to give final approval to the fixes. After FAA gives recertification, the airlines will be free to increase the cruising speed of their modified Electras from their present restricted 320 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft. to their original speed of about 400 m.p.h. By December 1961, Lockheed hopes to have all the Electras fixed.

Change for MATS

Only two months after he moved into his job, Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Whitney Gilliland last week took a step that was long overdue. In the first clear sign that Gilliland intends to supply CAB with a new brand of leadership, CAB scrapped the cut-rate charter fares charged by nonscheduled and scheduled airlines flying for the Air Force's Military Air Transport Service, biggest U.S. airline; CAB said that the low fares will be replaced by higher, published tariff rates, with a reasonable margin of profit. This removes the position of privilege that has enabled many nonskeds to grab MATS' business, will transfer much of the military personnel and freight now flown under charter for MATS to the scheduled airlines.

Beginning during the Korean war, when certified airlines operating in the Pacific did not have the capacity to meet the tremendous increase in military airlift requirements, CAB granted special rate and other economic exemptions to lines flying charter contracts for MATS. At cut-rate prices established by competitive bidding, nonskeds got the right to fly to given points regardless of the regular carriers already certificated on the route. The effect, CAB now concedes, was to develop "what amounts to an overlapping air transport system."

In their scramble to get some of the MATS business, many fly-by-night air-



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lines made low bids—sometimes even taking a loss. Airlines have successfully bid for MATS charters, then had to go out and buy or lease their first planes. Losing out to the low-priced nonskeds, scheduled U.S. lines found themselves making money-losing bids to win MATS contracts. The competitive bidding used by MATS, said CAB, "is not conducive to sound economic growth and development of air transport capability." During the past five years, MATS spent some \$300 million for international, overseas and Alaskan air transportation, all of it outside the regulatory system established by CAB. By scattering its business among so many airlines, MATS has neither enabled nonscheduled airlines to buy newer planes nor encouraged the bigger airlines to buy the turboprop cargo planes MATS says it needs.

CORPORATIONS

Small-Business Battler

In the rough jousting for prime defense contracts, the small business with fewer than 1,000 employees usually fares badly against the giants. But last week the missile industry was abuzz over little Acoustica Associates, Inc. (sales for the fiscal year ending February 1960: \$8,106,788), which became the first small business to be chosen a prime contractor for the operational Atlas missile system.

Competing against such giants as General Dynamics Corp.'s Convair, North American Aviation, Inc., and General Electric Co., Acoustica won a contract to develop and produce a crucial system for the Air Force's Atlas ICBMs. Acoustica devised a series of ultrasonic sensors to measure the level of liquid oxygen and kerosene in the Atlas.

The heart of the sensor is a tiny ceramic disk that vibrates 80,000 times per second, except when damped by a liquid. As the liquids from the two tanks fall below the level of the sensors, they begin to vibrate, sending a signal to a computer. Acoustica's contract should be worth \$6,000,000 to \$10 million during the current year and may reach \$20 million over the next three years.

In the Boathouse. For Acoustica's gungling Chairman Robert L. Rod, 40, the Atlas contract is the climax of five years of building up his ultrasonics business from a shop in a Long Island boathouse to a leading position in ultra-high sound systems (*TIME*, Mar. 16, 1959).

The reason that small businesses do not land contracts more often, argues Rod, is that they do not find out what the military services want and then develop the products. Instead, they go to the Small Business Administration and plead their smallness. Rod set out aggressively to cultivate younger officers in the Pentagon, to find out service needs, and in 1956, the Air Force asked Acoustica if it had any ideas for the Atlas. Rod thought that the sensor would be just the thing. To get on the master bidders' list of defense contractors for other company products, he lobbied procurement officers with promotion material about Acoustica.



Martha Holmes

ACOUSTICA'S ROD
Small vibrations made big money.

In the Submarines. When he thought he was being ignored, Rod complained to Congressmen. Says he: "All other things being equal, the average military procurement office would rather give a contract to a big firm because he thinks it is safer and he takes less personal risk. If the contract doesn't work out he always has the excuse that the big firm is well known and well established and should have performed better."

So successful is Acoustica's liquid-level sensor that it is now being used on nuclear submarines to detect sea water in the launching tubes of Polaris missiles and in the ground-fueling system for some liquid-fueled missiles. Rod also envisions nonmilitary use of his device, has sold an ultrasonic measuring device to Du Pont for chemical gauging, another liquid-level sensor to a utility to measure the water level in a high-temperature boiler. Says Rod: "You have to keep pushing."

OIL

Texas Makes Up Its Mind

To try to keep the world oil glut from getting any worse, the Texas Railroad Commission—overseer of one-third of the U.S. output—rigidly limits the production of regular (*i.e.*, primary-recovery) wells. But as part of its long-range campaign to spur oilmen to go after oil otherwise left behind, the commission grants unlimited production of secondary-recovery wells. These are wells in fields where the underground pressure that normally drives up the oil is exhausted and the oil can be brought up only by other means.

This hard way of getting out oil has now become a hot way. In the past ten years secondary-recovery operations have increased sixfold, though they still account for only 5% of Texas' 80 million bbl. monthly output.

Texas oilmen are now wrangling over the future of unlimited secondary production. What sparked the dispute is the plan of some secondary-recovery oilmen to start operations in the giant Spraberry Trend—the largest field they have yet tackled. This scares some of Texas' biggest oilmen who are engaged principally in primary production. Having heard the arguments of both sides, the Railroad Commission last week was trying to make up its mind. Best bet is that the commission will place limits on secondary production, too, but make them generous. "It gives them incentive," says William J. Murray Jr., a member of the three-man commission. "and it damned sure is conservation. We've got an oil surplus right now, but some day we're going to need it mighty bad."

High Cost of Conservation. Leading the opposition is Jersey Standard's Humble Oil & Refining Co., Texas' biggest producer. It wants secondary-recovery wells closed down each month much as the ordinary wells are (which are now allowed to pump only eight days a month). Secondary-recovery operators claim that it harms their kind of wells to close them down. The secondary-recovery operators also argue that they deserve preference because it costs 50% to 150% more to operate by their methods.

Waterflooding is the favorite technique. Water, sometimes treated with chemicals to increase its density, is pumped into an oil-bearing formation, forcing the oil to a nearby well. In most situations, waterflooding recovers 40% to 65% of the oil in a reservoir.

Fireflooding. New methods may produce even better results. One new method, called fireflooding, uses an electric coil in a well shaft to ignite the oil. Air is then pumped in to fan the blaze. The moving wall of fire thins the oil so that it flows ahead of the blaze to another well. Unlike coal-mine fires, an underground oil blaze does not seep through to the surface, can be extinguished by cutting off the air supply. In a field near Palestine, Texas, where waterflooding failed, fire was used. Production in one well alone jumped from 1 to 50 bbl. a day.

The industry is also about ready with another new way, called miscible-phase displacement. A solvent, such as propane or butane gas, is forced into an oil-bearing formation. The solvent washes the oil out of the rocks and sand, moving it to a producing well. If the technique, now under laboratory and limited field tests, proves to be economically feasible, it will bring about almost total recovery of oil in fields once abandoned.

Railroad Commissioner Murray has no fear that encouraging secondary recovery is bad. So far, 15 billion bbl. of oil have been pumped out of Texas fields by primary methods, and primary means can recover another 15 billion bbl. Another 10 billion bbl. can be recovered by secondary methods currently in use. Still remaining in the ground, however, will be another 50 billion bbl. "You can see," says Murray, "why we get starry-eyed about conservation."



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

From the Terrace [20th Century-Fox] allows its hero, Rich Boy Alfred Eaton (Paul Newman), only one wife and one mistress, although Novelist John O'Hara let him have two of each. Even so, the film is still too long by half. What seems like an hour at the outset is devoted to establishing the fact that the hero's parents are rich but plenty neurotic. It is a poor parlor psychologist who cannot deduce from this that Alfred, in an effort to outdo his father, will marry money (Joanne Woodward), win a position in a banking firm by saving its owner's grandson from drowning, devote himself single-mindedly to his career while his wife buckets around with the Long Island mental-cruelty set, and finally be saved from



NEWMAN & WOODWARD
Fumbling with the farthingale.

dissolution by the love of a good woman (Ina Balin).

Though the film is shapeless and its ending sissified (O'Hara lets his hero go to hell, good woman and all), there are a few nice touches. Says a married chick to a dastard who is fumbling with her farthingale: "I think I'll go put on something a little more comfortable, like my husband." And when an overheated party girl who is trying to climb into Newman's cummerbund tells him, "I'm crowding in," he asks, "Years or guys?" Actress Woodward is sexily soulless as a wife who flies her scarlet letter as if it were a cocktail pennant, and tauntingly calls up her lover while Newman broods (Newman does little but brood in the film, perhaps because of overexposure to Tennessee Williams). The lover is a psychiatrist, incidentally, and therein lies a small triumph: Hollywood, mindful of protests whenever it portrays a red Indian or an

Italian gangster, has at last found a villain whom everyone can hate.

Terrace does not really attempt to portray reality. Instead, it captures what someone in Beverly Hills apparently thought someone in Kansas City would imagine to be the behavior of the East Coast's sinful rich. Says Newman to his breathless love: "You're the first person I've asked to go out with me since I've been married."

The Lost World [Irwin Allen: 20th Century-Fox] exhibits Claude Rains in a red fright-wig, and Jill St. John in—just barely—pair of pink slacks. These wonders notwithstanding, the most intriguing performers, as is only proper in a Good-Lord-Professor-Can-It-Be? film, are several dinosaurs. Their eyes blaze, their mattress-sized tongues flick menacingly, and their lank green hides glisten in squamous grandeur. They thrash about like lovers in a French art film, roar like convention orators and, when they are hungry, give new depth and meaning to scenery chewing. When two of them duel, Fairbanks-fashion, on the edge of a cliff, they very nearly succeed in bringing to life this tired old Sir Arthur Conan Doyle story of scary Jurassic doings way off in the Amazon rain forest. The human supporting cast, which includes Michael Rennie and Fernando Lamas, adds very little. But then, the reptiles get all the good lines.

Elmer Gantry [United Artists] arrived accompanied by cannonades of publicity indicating that this version of Sinclair Lewis' 1927 novel about tent-show Bible belt religion is under concentrated attack from any number of men of the cloth. Not so.

Lewis' Gantry was a seedy, self-promoting Baptist minister who succeeded mainly on gall and sex appeal; sin was his abiding hobby, and he lit hell's fire in an endless succession of women, from choir girls and parish secretaries to a female evangelist. The book was scored and scourged nearly everywhere, inevitably in blue-nosed Boston, even in Manhattan. But that was 1927, when revivalism was a flammable issue. Hollywood's Gantry is Burt Lancaster, whose 64 teeth flash brighter than ever with a sort of brushed-in goodness; the story line only vaguely approximates a single episode in the book—and in 1960 hardly anyone is complaining.

The film introduces Gantry as a 1920s Midwestern appliance salesman with an orange plaid suit and a hip full of whisky. Not an ordained minister this time, he is an ex-divinity student, expelled for seducing a deacon's daughter in church. When he sees Sister Sharon Falconer (Jean Simmons) conducting a small-town revival meeting, he gets the call again. The object of his affections—and now it's true love—is the incarnation of sweetness who collects money in milk pails and even tries

to convert a narrow-eyed newsman (Artur Kennedy).

Joining her troupe, Lancaster supplies the auxiliary razzmatazz to put the show on the big-time road. Roaring and sweating, whipping the Bible, he soon has the sinners clinging to the tent poles and howling like dogs. In contrast with Sister Sharon's earnest rhetoric—"Would St. Paul play the stock market?"—he appears arm in arm with a chimpanzee, says: "Friends, this might be Darwin's uncle, but he certainly ain't yours or mine. God made man in his own image, didn't he? Well, then, according to Darwin, God is a gorilla."

All of this leads up Jacob's ladder to one of the Midwest's biggest cities, where Sister Sharon builds her Waters of Jordan Tabernacle, a wooden big top sporting a brightly lighted, revolving cross. While the plot explodes with melodrama, Lancaster makes a torchlight raid on one of



LANCASTER AS GANTRY
Whooping up the Word.

the brothels, finds a girl who—no, it can't be, yes, it's Lulu, the deacon's daughter (Shirley Jones). The result is a black press for the revivalists, but in the end Lulu goldenheartedly renounces her charges, sending the once-again-faithful flocking to the new tabernacle. And there, along with Sister Sharon, who by now believes that she can perform healing miracles, they are burned up in an accidental fire that assaults the sky with Old Testament rage.

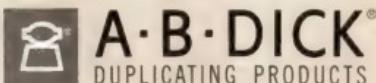
As a commentary on religion, the film is not so irreverent as it is irrelevant. Its redemption is achieved by Director Richard Brooks in the wonderfully gaudy, artfully graphic flavor of the production. The sound track swells with rousing hymns of revival, and the screen is jammed with Midwestern Gothic: stony legions of aging farmers with dried brown faces, their wives beside them, old understuffed pincushions.

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BOOKS

Rock Garden of the Gods

MANI (320 pp.)—*Patrick Leigh Fermor*
—Harper (\$6).

"When God had finished making the world," say the natives of Mani, "he had a sack of stones left over and he emptied it here." Petroprolific Mani is the middle tine of a twisted three-pronged peninsular fork that jabs into the Mediterranean from Greece's Peloponnesus. About as remote from the 20th century as the people of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Maniots dwell in a kind of telescopic time capsule that includes Homer but little more than a hint of the Industrial Revolution. Few Maniots read or write. They have no radios, movies or telephones, and the family vehicle is the donkey. Matching the man of Aran in his barebones existence, the Maniot is scorched black by the fierce summer sun and lashed in winter by the *tramontana*, a fearsome wind that tosses marble slabs about like pebbles.

From the Tower. Other Greeks shudder when they mention the Mani, and few ever go there. In his mad-dog-and-Englishman way, Britain's Patrick Leigh Fermor not only went but also brought back a fascinating traveler's account of this bypassed pocket of civilization. Author Fermor, a passionate philhellene, has roamed Greece for 20 years, including a stint as a British commando, and his book is steeped in myth and history, which sometimes slacken the pace but rarely dim the interest of his chronicle.

Maniot girls are shy, grave and graceful, with large, luminous black eyes that reminded Fermor of the Madonnas in Byzantine icons. The men shave once a week, and some of them sport the black, eight-inch handlebar mustaches of their piratical forebears. Descendants of the

MANIOT WOMAN & LAMB
As royalist as Elizabeth II.

Spartans, the Maniots are famed for their blood feuds. From the 17th century on, they built tower dwellings resembling the Italian campanile, and the status symbol of the day was to have the highest tower. It was also a key vantage point from which to rain down rocks on an enemy neighbor's marble roof. As soon as one member of a family was killed, clan warfare was declared, with the towers as citadels. When gunpowder was introduced, cannon fired away at point-blank range across the narrow streets, and not a move could be made by day without a fusillade of gunshots. Food and ammunition were smuggled into the towers by night, and since the feuds sometimes went on for years, each newborn boy was hailed as "another gun for the family." Meanwhile, entire families of innocent bystanders resignedly moved out of town.

The Moles of Fate. The legendary patriot leaders of Greece's struggle for independence from Turkey—Theodoros Kolokotronis and Petros Mavromichalis—campaigned from the Mani. Indeed, Mavromichalis was a Maniot who, in countless forays against the Turks, lost 49 relatives. He nailed the heads of Turks whom he killed around his own tower until it was studded with skulls. In the light of their rebel heritage, the Maniots of today are remarkably royalist. In private homes, Fermor found pictures of Greece's King Paul and Queen Frederika right next to those of George VI and Elizabeth II. In one Maniot home, such pictures were flanked by a 1926 fashion advertisement of the "Be Smart Tailors of Madison Avenue."

This probably seems like the height of modernity to a people who like to point out the island where Paris took Helen the first night after he stole her from Menelaus, and who still retain the purest links of Greece's pagan past. Old Maniots are convinced that Nereids haunt the local fountains, and mothers believe that the three Fates hover over an infant's cradle to write invisible destinies on the child's brow (moles are known as "writings of the Fates"). Seafarers claim that Gorgons grip their caiques in a storm and ask in ringing tones, "Where is Alexander the Great?" If the captain shouts, "Alexander the Great lives and reigns!", the sea turns calm. Otherwise, the Gorgon tilts the boat toward sea bottom, and all hands drown.

Couplets for Hector. Mani's most cherished art form is the *miroloy*, the dirge with which keening womenfolk usher the Maniot out of a harsh world that neither man nor God seemingly made. More a lament for a hero being taken to the underworld than for a Christian going to his reward—even as she makes the sign of the cross, the grieving widow will say, "Charon took him"—the *miroloy* mirrors in its 16-syllable line the lament of Andromache over the body of Hector. At graveside, the chief mourner's voice becomes a howl of hysteria ("Oh, my



Joan Eives Mansell

TRAVELER PATRICK FERMOR IN MANI
As remote as the Dead Sea Scrolls.

warrior! The arch and pillar of our house!"), her hair tumbles in disorder, and she tears at her cheeks with her fingernails till they are crisscrossed with red gashes and running with tears and blood. In the mesmeric half-trance of the dirge, the singer has been known to drift far out and lament high taxes, the price of salt, the need for roads, and the Bulgarian frontier—all in faultless couplets.

Sans couplets, but with 20/20 sight and insight, Author Fermor has fashioned a durable portrait of the enduring people who inhabit the mythical rock garden of the gods.

On the Volcano

COLLECTED POEMS (288 pp.)—*Lawrence Durrell*—Dutton (\$5).

To be a poet, some say, is to live more intensely than other men. By such a definition, Irish Author Lawrence Durrell must live continuously atop a volcano of awareness. His recent four-decker novel of Egypt's Alexandria—which opened with *Justine* and closed with *Cleopatra*—is a ferment of emotions and evocations of place that already ranks with the best sensuous and sexual writing of the decade, if not of the century. In it the poet was constantly overriding the novelist and giving an intrinsically imaginative setting and characters a febrile quality that owed more to Durrell's soaring imagination than to his knowledge of life as it is normally lived, even under the incubating Mediterranean sun. It has taken two decades to bear out T. S. Eliot's belief, formed in 1938, that young Durrell was a white hope of English prose. What is just as plain, now that his *Collected Poems* are published, is that Durrell is one of the few first-rate poets presently writing in English.

Durrell says that writing poetry takes too much out of him, and so it might. In





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The bigness of the sea around you.

The bigness of the ship around you.

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Living room.

What did the lady say: when does this *place* get to Europe?

This isn't just *going somewhere*. This is *being somewhere!*

You dream ahead of the sights you'll see when the ship gets in.

But right now your heart is here, as you play, laugh, dine, enjoy your way to Europe with people who were just nameless strangers a skyline ago. People you will remember warmly and forever for having shared your ship with you.

And though others will come after you, long after this crossing is merely another parting of the waters, your ship will always be yours, your ship will always be a *part of* going to Europe.

Remembered, with love.



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POET DURRELL & DAUGHTER SAPPHO

A range as wide as his restless experience of life.

Arthur Rothstein

a time when most poets settle for expert technique as an envelope for clichés of feeling, his technical expertise serves simply as a firm mold for flashing pools of moving truth. While reams of well-wrought verse make do with themes that could as easily serve historians, sociologists, geologists or psychoanalysts, he seldom tackles anything less easy than a challenge to poetic insight. Like all poets he has his quota of failures, but even there his sense of language, when it cannot save his intentions, still saves his music.

The Durrell range is as wide as his restless experience of life. Father of two daughters, he writes charmingly of children "Cast down like asterisks among their toys," and as a veteran of stormy marriages and the creator of smoldering Justine, it is not surprising to find him writing:

... Woman
Can be a wilderness enough for body
To wander in: is a true human
Genesis and exodus. A serious fate.

She the last crucifixion on the Word.
We press on her as Roman on his sword.

To Durrell, places are poetry, especially those of the Mediterranean world which is the seedbed of his vision. But he has his own way of remembering them. Now he is in Athens:

At last with four peroxide whores
Like doped marigolds growing upon this
balcony,
We wait for sunrise, all conscripted
From our passions by the tedium and
spleen,
While the rich dew are forming . . .

or at a Greek church in Alexandria, which he sees

... sinking in sound
And yellow lamplight while the arks
and trolley
And blazing crockery of the orthodox
God.

*Make it a fearful pomp for peasants,
A sorcery to the black-coated rational,
To the town-girl an adventure, an ad-
venture.*

Too many of the *Collected Poems* are baffling, partly because Durrell is at no great pains to let the reader into the recesses of his feeling, partly because, as in his novels, he frequently lets the richness of his language blur meaning entirely, and sometimes because his line of thought (especially in the longer poems) becomes fuzzy or even careless. But he can throw a sharp defining dart:

*Truth's metaphor is the needle,
The magnetic north of purpose
Striving against the true north
Of self . . .*

or share such wisdom as he feels can surely apply to all men in every time.

*Give love with all its tributary patience
That when the case of bones is broken
open,*

*The heart can bless, or the sad skin of
saints
Be beaten into drum-heads for the truth.*

FitzGibbon's Decline & Fall

WHEN THE KISSING HAD TO STOP (248 pp.)—Constantine FitzGibbon—Norfolk (\$3.95).

This jolly-sounding novel, which draws its title from Robert Browning's account of the last days of the Venetian Republic, might more properly be called *FitzGibbon's Decline and Fall of the British Empire*. With horrid persuasiveness, it looks forward to the moment, somewhere between 1960 and 1984, when Britain decides "to commit suicide" and becomes a Soviet satellite. Lest any reader think he is not reading about the possible, FitzGibbon provides a text from Lenin, who held that in war, it is best to wait "until the moral disintegration of the enemy



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renders the mortal blow both possible and easy...

Skillfully skirting the borders of fee-fi-fo-fummary, FitzGibbon evokes both moral disintegration and mortal blow with a chilling casualness that sometimes has the ring of day-after-tomorrow's newspaper. To achieve his grisly effect, he painstakingly puts together a mosaic of slight things that seem to have gone wrong in the commonplace of today—the "crack in the teacup [that] opens a lane to the land of the dead."

Just Talk. The year the book opens is the year the Russians have 200 nuclear submarines and the U.S. a President who is devoted to Bach. It is also the year that Lord Clonard, the P.R. man of moneyless title through whose eyes most of the events are seen, notes that London's girlie shows have taken a perverse, sadistic twist. Swarms of young men openly hold hands in the street and neck and in Hyde Park, and prostitutes walk naked under their raincoats or furs. A dozen Reading Gaols would not hold all the homosexual offenders or to Bridewells all the convicted tarts, so that there is talk—just talk, of course—of "detention" camps.

So far, there is nothing fatal or final to point to. In Britain, the Tories still hold the husk of the Establishment and hope in the upcoming elections to make it "Four in a Row." The new element is the familiar Anti-Nuclear Bomb movement of today, but in FitzGibbon's time its ponytailed and sandaled youth has swollen into the biggest political fact in Britain, led by zealots and exploited by those who know that pacifism cannot help but help the Russians. And when in a landslide-election win, the anti-Bomb boys and girls take power, the fat of 1,000 years of British history is in the fire. In a few weeks, the Yanks with their hydrogen-warhead missiles have been moved back to their own hemisphere and Britain is free to become another peace-loving People's Republic, with a Russian "inspectorate," concentration camps and mass deportation from the industrial Midlands to "correct" the population imbalance.

Among Those Present. FitzGibbon's vision of the last days of Britain is populous with credible characters, among them some who will seem painfully familiar to anyone acquainted with contemporary British politics. They include:

¶ Leonard Braithwaite, "the Grand Old Man of the Left," a white-maned old humbug in an open shirt, whose endless oratorical references to his son killed fighting in the Spanish Civil War cause embarrassment even among his Labor Party colleagues. As head of the Anti-Nuclear Bomb movement he takes over the party and the Premiership, and is, of course, an eager sucker for the Soviets' opening ploy—an offer to dismantle Russian rocket sites in Poland (where they have a few) and Rumania (where they have none at all). A teetotaler, he ultimately perishes of the toasts at a Kremlin banquet.

¶ Canon Christian, whose ponderous pectoral cross lends its weight to the Anti-



Jitendra Arora

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON
Out of day-after-tomorrow's newspaper.

Nuclear Bomb movement. He gets to baffle the Russians just once. After offering some Soviet advance brass a dinner at his canonry, complete with vintage port, he benumbs them with a conducted tour of his cathedral.

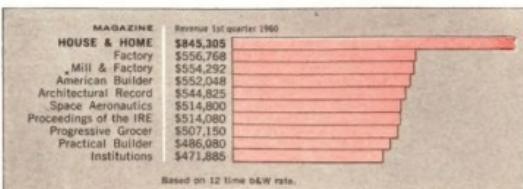
¶ Mark Vernon, a former British Foreign Office official who has defected to the Soviets long before the book opens. He is a "queer," a "little horror," a "traitor," a "rather sad and lonely" young man, according to taste. To the Russians he is a man guilty of "sabotage through drunkenness," but useful after being dried out and brainwashed for one last tour of dirty work in Britain before being returned to his labor camp.

¶ Felix Seligman, "really nothing, except rich," a Jew who is a devout Roman Catholic convert and who doggedly maintains the rituals of the English squirearchy. As the world falls about his sensitive ears, the reader is led to believe that Seligman will cut his losses and emigrate to the U.S. Actually, he and only he survives with honor as the legendary "Captain Felix" of the Welsh resistance.

The New Morality. If there is hope in this grim fable, it is in the figure of Seligman, who represents three tenaciously held forces in opposition to Communism—private property and the family, Jewish tradition, Christian faith. But extending hope is not the purpose of *When the Kissing Had to Stop*. Author FitzGibbon clearly intends it as a somber warning of what could happen if the West loses the fiber to resist the self-destructive impulses at work inside free societies: the voices of cowardice, compromise without principle, and moral decay disguised as "the new morality." Those who hold the new morality to be the finest flower of idealism can, of course, dismiss this book as political science fiction and a pure figment of the imagination. It is, however, some figment.

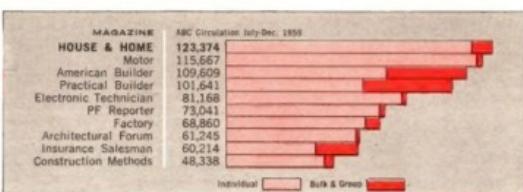
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*advertising
dollar
volume*



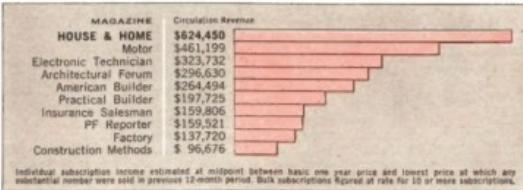
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Psycho. Perhaps overly gruesome, and directed with an unusually heavy hand, this Hitchcock thriller nevertheless adds up to an expertly gothic nightmare.

The Story of Ruth. The Old Testament's four brief chapters are souped up, padded out, and somehow made into a movie that is commendably unequivocal.

Man in a Cocked Hat. Benignly British Comic Terry-Thomas comes uproariously into his own as an English foreign service officer who, determinedly misassisted by Peter Sellers, hurls a barrage of satire on the subject of statecraft.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). The acknowledged New Wave masterpiece plunges two lovers into the charred acres of bombed Hiroshima, reminds the world that love and life go on even in the nightmare of death.

I'm All Right, Jack. Looking like a fanatical potato, ubiquitous Peter Sellers plays a union shop steward, who dreams of a worker's paradise, with enormous sadness and brilliant humor.

The Apartment. Producer-Director Billy (Some Like It Hot) Wilder's pointed tale of a junior executive (Jack Lemmon) who permits his licentious bosses to use his Manhattan pad like a midtown motel. With Shirley MacLaine.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday's effervescent comic talents accomplish what Hollywood's \$3,000,000 alone could not—they turn this mediocre musical into a solid success.

Dreams. Director Ingmar Bergman's bright satire pits cunning, confident women against despondent, demoralized men; the outcome is hardly surprising.

TELEVISION

Wed., July 13

Today (NBC, 7-9 a.m.).[†] Dave Garroway is in Los Angeles covering the Democratic Convention, joined by such assorted pundits as Martin Agronsky and Kukla and Ollie. Film clips of highlights from the floor.

All-Star Baseball Game (NBC, 12:45 p.m.). From Yankee Stadium. Color.

Democratic National Convention (CBS, NBC and ABC from 6:00 p.m.).[‡] Nominating speeches. By counting every last electrician, each network can claim that its own delegation to Los Angeles, between 300 and 350 strong, outnumbers the delegation from any state in the union. Led by Chet Huntley and Dave Brinkley, the NBC forces are pledged to use all sorts of cameras, right down to hand-held "creepie-peepies." Battling them every step of the way for nomination as the TV viewers' choice will be the CBS group led by Walter Cronkite and Ed Murrow, and the ABC unit under John Daly.

Thurs., July 14

Today (NBC, 7-9 a.m.). The owlish Garroway continues to watch over the Democrats.

• All times E.D.T.

† On any night that recess is declared early, regularly scheduled programs will be resumed.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Thomas Wolfe, by Elizabeth Nowell. The first full-length biography of the great white whale of modern U.S. fiction. Author Nowell spares the harpoon of criticism, and her book is awash with Wolfean rhetoric.

Dictionary of American Slang, compiled by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner. Not always as hip as it might be, this is still a handy compendium of heretical English, from Abe's cab to zooly.

Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. U.S. poet's tart sage speaks in the pages of a kind of family album of letters, poems, conversations and even Christmas cards.

Merry Monarch, by Hesketh Pearson. Biographer Pearson insists that, for all his debauchery, Madcap Monarch Charles II was also the witty, wily architect of a prosperous England.

Daughters and Rebels, by Jessica Mitford. A perky, semi-autobiographical study of Britain's Mitford sisters, who, like a sextet of disenchanted princesses, haunted the '30s by marrying various men and ideologies.

Memoir of the Bobotes, by Joyce Cary. Where are the little Balkan wars of yesterday? Here is one preserved in amber when the late great novelist and the century were young.

Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences, tape-recorded in talks with Dr. Harlan B. Phillips. The law's happiest hot dog sizzles with lively recollections of fellow greats on the American scene.

Art and Argyrol, by William Shack. An entertaining account of the maverick millionaire who delighted stuffed noses and shirts, delighted in being the one-man audience of a great art collection.

Saint-Exupéry, by Marcel Migeo. Modern flight's literary Daedalus soars again, though the hot, worshipful prose tends to melt this biography in mid-journey.

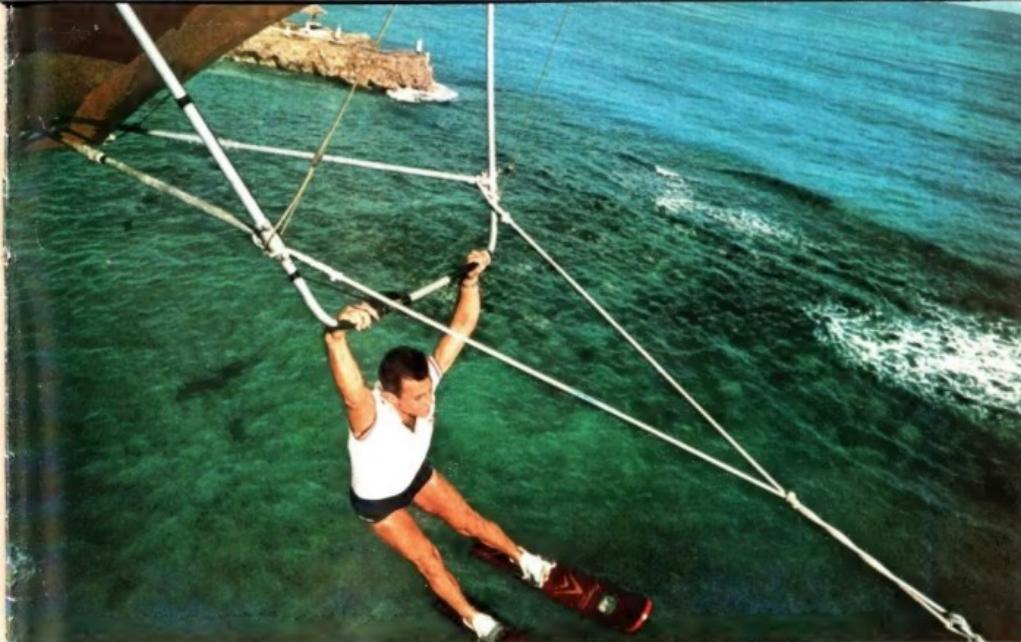
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent,** Drury (2)*
2. **The Leopard,** Di Lampedusa (1)
3. **Hawaii,** Michener (3)
4. **The Chapman Report,** Wallace (5)
5. **The View from the Fortieth Floor,** White (7)
6. **The Affair,** Snow (4)
7. **The Constant Image,** Davenport (6)
8. **A Distant Trumpet,** Horgan (10)
9. **Trustee from the Toolroom,** Shute (9)
10. **The Inspector,** De Hartog

NONFICTION

1. **Born Free,** Adamson (2)
 2. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers,** King (1)
 3. **Folk Medicine,** Jarvis (4)
 4. **I Kid You Not,** Paar (3)
 5. **Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences,** Frankfurter with Phillips (7)
 6. **The Conscience of a Conservative,** Goldwater
 7. **The Night They Burned the Mountain,** Dooley (5)
 8. **The Enemy Within,** Kennedy (8)
 9. **Mr. Citizen,** Truman (6)
 10. **The Law and the Profits,** Parkinson (10)
- * Position on last week's list.



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Sheraton Hotel
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Sheraton-Syracuse Inn
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Sheraton Hotel

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CHICAGO
Sheraton-Blackstone
Sheraton-Towne

BETHLEHEM

Sheraton-Codille
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SHERATON-GIBSON
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St. Louis, Mo., Jefferson

OMAHA

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Sheraton-Palms

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French Lick-Sheraton

RAPID CITY, S. D.

Sheraton Inn

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Sheraton-Martin
Sioux City, Iowa

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

Sheraton-Carpenter
Sheraton-Catena

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